

# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES }  
VOLUME LXVIII. }

No. 3710 August 14, 1915

{ FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CCLXXXVI. }

## CONTENTS

I. Outlawry at Sea: An indictment of the German Navy.	
<i>By Archibald Hurd.</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW 387
II. Paris in War Time. <i>By Claire de Pratz.</i>	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW 398
III. The Happy Hunting Ground. Chapter VI. <i>By Alice Perrin.</i>	
(To be continued.)	404
IV. Waterloo in Romance. <i>By Lillian Rowland-Brown (Rowland Grey.)</i>	
	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER 411
V. Mysticism in Verse.	POETRY REVIEW 422
VI. The Man Who Succeeded. <i>By S. Macnaughtan. (Concluded).</i>	427
VII. The Legacy of Diaz.	NEW STATESMAN 435
VIII. Cold-Blooded Goodness.	SPECTATOR 438
IX. The German-American Plot. <i>By Sydney Brooks.</i>	OUTLOOK 440
X. Committees. <i>By R. C. Lehmann.</i>	PUNCH 443
XI. The Saint of France.	NATION 445

## A PAGE OF VERSE

XII. Sung on a By-Way. <i>By A. E.</i>	386
XIII. "The Orion's" Figurehead at Whitehall.	PUNCH 386
XIV. Three Counsellors.	386
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.	447



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET. BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

For SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## SUNG ON A BY-WAY.

What of all the will to do?  
It has vanished long ago,  
For a dream-shaft pierced it through  
From the Unknown Archer's bow.

What of all the soul to think?  
Some one offered it a cup  
Filled with a diviner drink,  
And the flame has burned it up.

What of all the hope to climb?  
Only in the self we grope  
To the misty end of time:  
Truth has put an end to hope.

What of all the heart to love?  
Sadder than for will or soul,  
No light lured it on above;  
Love has found itself the whole.  
A. E.

## THE "ORION'S" FIGUREHEAD AT WHITEHALL.

All wind and rain, the clouds fled  
fast across the evening sky—  
Whitehall aglitter like a beach the  
tide has scarce left dry;  
And there I saw the figurehead which  
once did grace the bow  
Of the old bold *Orion*,  
The fighting old *Orion*,  
In the days that are not now.

And I wondered did he dream at all  
of those great fights of old,  
And ships from out whose oaken sides  
Trafalgar's thunder rolled;  
There was *Ajax*, *Neptune*, *Temeraire*,  
*Revenge*, *Leviathan*,  
With the old bold *Orion*,  
The fighting old *Orion*,  
When *Victory* led the van.

Old ships, their ribs are ashes now;  
but still the names they bore  
And still the hearts that manned them  
live to sail the seas once more,  
To sail and fight, and watch and ward,  
and strike as stout a blow  
As the old bold *Orion*,  
The fighting old *Orion*,  
In the wars of long ago.

They watch, the gaunt gray fighting  
ships, in silence bleak and stern;

They wait—not yet, not yet has  
dawned the day for which they  
burn!

They're watching, waiting for the word  
that sets their thunders free,  
Like the old bold *Orion*,  
The fighting old *Orion*,  
When Nelson sailed the sea.

Oh, waiting is a weary game, but Nel-  
son played it too,  
And, be it late or be it soon, such  
deeds are yet to do  
As never your starry namesake saw  
who walked the midnight sky—  
Old bold *Orion*,  
Fighting old *Orion*,  
Of the great old years gone by.

And be the game a waiting game we'll  
play it with the best;  
Or be the game a watching game we'll  
watch and never rest;  
But the fighting game it pays for all  
when the guns begin to play  
(Old, bold *Orion*,  
Fighting old *Orion*)  
Like the guns of yesterday.  
Punch.

## THREE COUNSELLORS.

It was the fairy of the place,  
Moving within a little light,  
Who touched with dim and shadowy  
grace  
The conflict at its fever height.

It seemed to whisper "Quietness,"  
Then quietly itself was gone:  
Yet echoes of its mute caress  
Were with me as the years went on.

It was the warrior within  
Who called "Awake, prepare for fight:  
Yet lose not memory in the din:  
Make of thy gentleness thy might:

"Make of thy silence words to shake  
The long-enthroned kings of earth:  
Make of thy will the force to break  
Their towers of wantonness and  
mirth."

It was the wise all-seeing soul  
Who counselled neither war nor peace:  
"Only be thou thyself that goal  
In which the wars of time shall cease."

## OUTLAWRY AT SEA: AN INDICTMENT OF THE GERMAN NAVY.

The youngest navy in Europe, whose supreme officer until recently was an honorary Admiral of the Fleet in the British service, and professed his respect for British naval traditions, has reverted to the most ancient, repellent, and irreparable crimes of war, for life can never be given back. We are confronted with an atavistic throwback to the methods of barbarism of the fifteenth century, practised with the most complicated and delicate instruments of war of the twentieth century. The new type of warfare is pursued by a Power which boasts of its "Kultur," has brought to its assistance every refinement of mechanics and chemistry, and—crowning evidence of moral degradation—claims in the eyes of the world that its very acts of "frightfulness" are fruits of virtue—signs of courage, virility, and fitness to win, and proof, above all, of its right to rule the rest of the world. "We are," it is, in effect, declared, "the only nation with the stomach to commit such acts, and, therefore, we are superior to other nations and entitled to govern them."

The contagion of crime is like that of a plague; a crime applauded by a whole nation, as the acts of the German Navy have been applauded, is peculiarly dangerous to virtue. Burke once remarked that "war suspends the rules of moral obligation, and what is long suspended is in danger of being totally abrogated." Hitherto, even in war time, belligerent nations have preserved certain decencies. The Japanese were so determined to observe the conventions that an international lawyer accompanied the main fleet at sea; the Navy of Germany, the parvenu among European nations, has ignored international law and abandoned

all restraints on its conduct at sea. As a New York newspaper recently remarked, the fingers of many of its officers and men are dripping with the blood of the innocent. If its policy of brigandage and murder should succeed, even in a minor degree, what then? The peril to the souls of the nations of the world must increase in exact proportion as the Germans by their wrongful acts at sea attain their ends—psychological, economic, or military.

The moral sense of the world shows a distinct tendency to become benumbed and dull owing to the repeated shocks, on a continually rising scale, received since Germany inaugurated her reign of terror at sea by laying mines in the pathway of peaceful commerce, contrary to her pledged word. Excess has encouraged excess, and one by one all the generally accepted customs of warfare between civilized nations have been dethroned, and Germany has claimed the right to ignore not merely the conventions of the Hague, which attempted to codify the rules and regulations which were regarded as axioms less than a year ago, but the ordinary sentiments of our common humanity. The present purpose is to deal with acts contrary to international law and the dictates of our common decency which have been committed by the enemy at sea. The record of the German Army is familiar, but less attention has been given to the series of outrages committed by the Germans at sea.

Napoleon once declared that war is "the trade of barbarians"; but sailors, even more than soldiers perhaps, have always admitted that there are certain acts which are inexcusable, even in the height of war, when the passions of

*napoleon was a barbarian from  
self shares 10,000,000 lives  
that paved the way of napoleon*

combatants are excited and their moral judgment tends to lose its balance. "Your nation, Sir, and mine," Nelson wrote to a French naval officer, "are made to show examples of generosity as well as of valor to all the peoples of the world." Nelson, who declared for "not victory, but annihilation," was "the man to love," and he won, by his humanity and kindness of heart, the admiration of those whom he fought with all his brilliant powers. He never committed an act which even his brave antagonist at Trafalgar, the unfortunate Villeneuve, could denounce as unfair; and when Gravina, the Spanish admiral, was passing from this world, he exclaimed, "I am a dying man, but I hope and trust that I am going to join the greatest hero the world almost ever produced." Will any sailor in the world ever express such a wish with reference to Grand Admiral von Tirpitz? When the bitterness of the conflict which so long divided France and England is recalled, we and our Ally of to-day may be proud of the mutual feelings of regard and respect which existed in the hearts of the commanders of the opposing fleets, who remained faithful to a code of conduct which, in point of fact, has never been ignored in modern times, until the past few months, by the commissioned officers serving under any naval ensign. For the first time since Europeans ceased to be little better than savages, the officers of a great fleet have emulated the worst acts ever attributed to Barbary pirates or the brave, but unprincipled, outlaws, which it was the pride of the British Navy to banish from the sea.

In modern times, at least, the standards of honor and chivalry in the navies of the world have been kept high because sailors themselves realized the terrible results of license—worse on sea than on land. There has always been a strong objection on the

part of seamen to the use of any instruments giving those attacked no sporting chance of safety. We do not hear of Boscawen, Rodney, Howe, Anson, Jervis, Collingwood, or Nelson serving in fire ships. These vessels were employed in the British Navy, but officers of the highest standing did not apparently care to be closely associated with them. Admiral Gambler regarded fireships as "a horrible and anti-Christian mode of warfare." Lord Cochrane, a man of dare-devil courage, declared that if fire ships attacked the British squadron under his orders, they would be "boarded by the numerous rowboats on guard, the crews murdered, and the fire ships turned in a harmless direction." What were fire ships in comparison with the modern mine and submarine! When submarines were coming on the horizon as practicable ships of war, it was urged in some quarters that the practice of no quarter advocated in the case of the crews of fire ships should be extended to the officers and men of submarines.

In a work written by James Kelly, and published in 1818, the author comments with great severity on "some infamous and insidious attempts to destroy British men-of-war upon the coasts of America by torpedoes and other explosive machinery." He referred to the attacks on H.M.S. *Ramillies* by one of Fulton's boats, attacks which failed, but which caused Sir Thomas Hardy to notify the American Government that he had ordered on board from fifty to one hundred American prisoners of war, "who, in the event of the effort to destroy the ship by torpedoes or other infernal inventions being successful, would share the fate of himself and his crew." So frightened were the relations and friends of prisoners of war by these threats that public meetings were held, and petitions were presented to the



American executive against the further employment of torpedoes in the ordinary course of warfare.<sup>1</sup> Down to comparatively recent times naval opinion throughout the world was, indeed, much exercised on the question of the use of the torpedo, and many British officers not merely regarded it as un-English, but hoped that it would never reach a stage of development seriously to influence naval tactics.

Contrast this attitude of mind with that of the Germans. They began the war by laying mines, or torpedoes, as they would have been described fifty years ago, in the pathway of peaceful commerce, contrary to their pledged word at the Hague, and they have since pursued, exclusively with the aid of torpedo and mine, a course of outrage and brigandage, their shameless acts culminating on May 7th in the massacre of twelve hundred undefended and innocent men, women, and children who were travelling from the United States to this country on board the great Cunarder *Lusitania*. The excuse has been made that the *Lusitania* was armed, and that she was being employed as a transport. Both statements, as American official witnesses have attested, are false; the ship was pursuing her ordinary peace routine. The destruction of this vessel stands out from the background of naval history as the most callous and consummate criminal act ever committed at sea.

The enormity of a crime can sometimes be most effectually visualized by the method of contrast. Germany has claimed that the sinking of the *Lusitania* constitutes "a great triumph for German sea power."<sup>2</sup> The claim challenges comparison. With what historical victory can this success of the

German Fleet be compared? The last triumph of the British Navy carries us back for more than a century. The British Fleet was about to go into action when Nelson, all his preparations completed, left the quarter deck and retired to his cabin. There he was found shortly afterwards by Lieutenant Pasco. The cabin was bare, in readiness for the coming action. Nelson was on his knees writing in the private diary in which he was in the habit of noting passing naval events and placing on record his thoughts in reference to himself and his country's welfare. When Lieutenant Pasco entered the cabin, Nelson had just reduced to writing his great prayer before going into action:—

"May the great God whom I worship grant to my country and for the benefit of Europe in general a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British Fleet. For myself individually I commit my life to Him Who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavors for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, amen, amen."

These words embodied the culture of the British Navy on the eve of one of the greatest and most sanguinary battles in history. The prayer was penned by the great man of action, who had exhibited his humanity in a conspicuous manner on many occasions, and notably at the battle of the Nile. The story of that encounter is familiar. In an early stage Nelson was wounded, mortally as he believed. Blinded though he was, the Admiral, on learning of the fate which had overtaken practically the whole French Fleet and of the approaching destruction of the Orient, demanded that he should be led on deck. His first order on resuming active command was that the only

<sup>1</sup> "Submarine Warfare," by Herbert Fyfe. (London: Grant Richards, 1902.)

<sup>2</sup> A committee has been formed for collecting money as a national gift to the guilty officers and men of the submarine.

one of his boats which remained seaworthy should be at once sent to rescue the unhappy crew from peril of being burnt to death. At the battle of Trafalgar the same routine was followed. After Nelson had made the great sacrifice and breathed his last, his spirit still animated the British Fleet under the orders of Collingwood.<sup>3</sup> Admiral Mahan quotes an eye-witness on board the *Bellerophon* who described the final scene:—

"Before sunset all firing had ceased. The view of the Fleet at this period was highly interesting, and would have formed a beautiful subject for a painter. Just under the setting rays were five or six dismantled prizes; on one hand lay the *Victory* with part of our Fleet and prizes, and on the left hand the *Royal Sovereign* and a similar cluster of ships. To the northwards the remnant of the combined fleets was making for Cadiz. The *Achille*, with the tricolored ensign still displayed, had burnt to the water's edge about a mile from us, and our tenders and boats were using every effort to save the brave fellows who had so gloriously defended her; but only 259 were rescued, and she blew up with a tremendous explosion."<sup>4</sup>

That is the record of the last great victory won by the British Fleet in the early years of last century, when the times were sadly out of joint, passions ran high after over a decade of fierce warfare, and when sailors had become inured to the horrors and barbarities of war.

Contrast Nelson's triumph with "the

<sup>3</sup> The spirit of the British Navy, its respect for "humanity after action," still remains the same as it was, as the present war has shown. In the various actions with the enemy down to May 2nd, British men-of-war saved from drowning 1,282 officers and men of the German Fleet, apart from others rescued by British merchant ships and other means. All this on the one hand. In the same period by gunfire or torpedo, the enemy sunk the Battleship *Formidable*, and the cruisers *Hogue*, *Sutlej*, *Cressy*, *Monmouth*, *Good Hope* and other ships; the life of no single British officer or man was saved; nor was an effort at rescue made. The Germans are too "cultured" to practise "humanity after action." What will history say to this record?

<sup>4</sup> About 20,000 French prisoners were taken, a large proportion being humanely rescued from imminent death.

great victory" achieved by the German Fleet when the *Lusitania* was sunk. Plans were prepared weeks in advance by Grand Admiral von Tirpitz and his staff; the Emperor can hardly have been ignorant of them. Advertisements were even inserted in American newspapers by the German Embassy at Washington announcing that the ship would be attacked. No one credited the Germans then with such inhumanity. Before these advertisements were drafted Grand Admiral von Tirpitz and the General Naval Staff must have visualized the scene. A concentration of submarines in the area which it was assumed the liner would take was easy. It was calculated that one or other of these under-water craft would be able to get sufficiently near the *Lusitania*, swift though she was, to launch a torpedo, with complete assurance of hitting some part of the huge target. Experience—the fate of the passengers of the *Titanic* and *Empress of Ireland*—had produced convincing evidence that the ship would sink speedily after the explosion of over 400 lb. of T. N. T. The conspirators were aware that about 2,000 defenceless human beings, representing many nationalities, and all of them innocent of offence against Germany, would be on board the liner at the moment of attack, and that not even a miracle could save the greater proportion of them from a terrible death.<sup>5</sup>

Is it conceivable that when all the plans for achieving this victory had been completed, the Emperor or Grand Admiral von Tirpitz withdrew into his private room and wrote in his diary any such prayer as constituted Nelson's last act on the eve of battle? The Germans knew the limitations of the

<sup>5</sup> "The commander of the German submarine, when he discharged his torpedo at point-blank range and saw it strike home, knew that the *Lusitania* would probably go down fast and long before her helpless passengers could take to the boats. This was expected and so intended by the Imperial German Admiralty."—*Scientific American*, May 29th, 1915.

engines of destruction which they were about to set in motion. They were aware that a submarine cannot rescue life, and they dared not trust at sea any other ship flying the German ensign, for they had forfeited the right to use any of the waters of the world. In these circumstances this terrible outrage was planned. One of the watching submarines got within torpedo distance of the *Lusitania*, hit her with two torpedoes in vulnerable parts of the hull, and in about a quarter of an hour she sank. The marvel is not that so few on board were saved, but that so many were rescued. It was an act of wholesale and calculated murder on the part not merely of Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, but of his master, the German Emperor, and the whole German people, who condoned and applauded the act. The verdict of the coroner's jury at Queenstown stands on record as the verdict of humanity: "This appalling crime was contrary to international law and the conventions of all civilized nations, and we therefore charge the officers of the said submarine and the German Emperor and Government of Germany, under whose orders they acted, with the crime of wilful and wholesale murder before the tribunal of the civilized world."

In this country and in the United States the assassination of all these travellers—men, women, and little children—has been denounced. Do we, however, really realize that the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* constitutes the greatest crime at sea recorded in history? It must be judged in relation to civilized opinion in these days when all war is regarded as anachronism; nor should we forget the series of conventions to which the world paid homage less than a year ago, conventions which were intended to buttress the ordinary dictates of humanity. Such a crime cannot be studied in isolation. Think of the horror expressed

when in cold blood some man, without offence to the world, has been murdered, it may be by a dismissed, possibly a drunken, employé; recall the rage caused by the death by violence of some innocent woman; recollect the indignation occasioned when a little child has been waylaid and killed. By sinking the *Lusitania* the Germans murdered hundreds of defenceless men, rich and poor, and of various nationalities; they consigned to nameless graves at the bottom of the sea hundreds of weak and unprotected women, old and young; they closed in death the eyes of scores of little children on the very threshold of life. The world has become in some measure insensible, owing to the crescendo of outrage which has been in progress, to the heinous character of this crime, or neutral countries would have risen instantly to punish the offenders. If a year ago any artist had represented the German Emperor surrounded by twelve hundred corpses, the ghastly fruits of a campaign against defenceless humanity, decency would have been outraged, and the artist visited with the world's contempt. That is what exactly has now happened. More than that has happened, for hundreds of other travellers by sea and merchant sailors have also been done to death by the same methods, with the connivance not only of the German Kaiser, but of his millions of subjects. That fact constitutes the horror of the campaign; not the militarist caste, but the German people as a whole approve of the acts of the German Navy, applaud them, and are proud of them.

In what do the German Navy's crimes consist? The essence of prize law lies not in destruction, but in seizure; the one navy endeavors to take from its opponent vessels under its guardianship, thus enriching the one nation at the expense of the other, and by this means exercising economic

pressure. The routine of warfare against commerce at sea has been consecrated by precedent and by conventions to which Germany and all the other nations agreed. There are no differences of view as to the procedure which must be followed by warships when engaged in attacking commerce.

1. A merchant vessel, under suspicion of being an enemy ship or a neutral ship carrying contraband, must be stopped.

2. A visit by an officer must then be made to establish her nationality.

3. The papers of the ship must be examined to ascertain the character of the cargo—whether, in fact, it be liable to capture.

4. If the ship be liable to capture, she must be taken to the nearest convenient port and adjudicated upon by a prize court.

5. (a) If she be an enemy ship, she may, in exceptional circumstances, definitely specified, be destroyed; but in that event "all persons on board must be placed in safety and all the ship's papers and other documents which the parties consider relevant to the purpose of deciding the validity of capture must be taken on board the warship." (b) A neutral ship which has been captured may not be destroyed by the captor; "she must be taken into such port as is proper for the determination there of all questions concerning the validity of the capture." In exceptional circumstances, even a neutral vessel may be destroyed; but, in that case, the captor must prove the necessity of sinking her, otherwise compensation must be paid, even though the ship was liable to capture.<sup>6</sup>

The charge which history will make against the German Navy is that, in reference to seizure or destruction, it has made the exception the rule. It has done more than that; it has disregarded all the usual routine of stoppage, visit, and search, consecrated by precedent, and has acted as a brigand

force, destroying everything, enemy and neutral, which has come within striking distance of its submarines. Let it be remembered that one of the contributory causes of the American war was our insistence on the right of visit and search of American ships, involving inconvenience and delay, and the gross affront by Germany of neutral nations in sinking out of hand scores of neutral ships, with much destruction of life, will be appreciated.

Excuses have been made by the Germans. It has been asserted that Germany has no convenient ports into which to take prizes. It has been claimed that on board submarines there is insufficient accommodation for passengers or crews of ships destroyed. It has been urged that submarines are peculiarly susceptible to attack, and therefore cannot observe the ordinary routine of the sea. For these reasons it was assumed that no civilized Power would employ them in commerce destruction. The Germans have made a virtue of the short-comings of the submarine. They have declared that, owing to the character of the submarine, its action is subject to no restraint—that it is outside the law. Furthermore, in the effort to justify murder, they have claimed that ships attacked have no right either to endeavor to evade capture or to defend themselves. That, again, is a contention opposed alike to the recognized rule of the sea from time immemorial and commonsense. At one time merchant ships were compelled by law to be armed; until a comparatively recent date they carried guns specifically for purposes of defence, and, in conformity with this practice, the British Admiralty a year or two before the opening of war arranged to provide a certain number of merchant vessels with a defensive armament, claiming that thereby the status of the vessels would not be changed, but that they

<sup>6</sup> Hague Conventions, which codified the generally accepted laws of naval warfare. Germany concurring.



would remain merchant ships entitled in time of war to all the privileges of merchant ships. That contention has since been admitted by the Government of the United States, which was most directly concerned with the reversion to the old practice of the sea.

Simultaneously with the German campaign on merchant ships, the German Navy has been making war on fishermen. Its acts have no parallel in the history of warfare at sea. Two comparatively recent incidents will illustrate the character of this branch of naval warfare as practised by the enemy. The Milford Haven trawler *Victoria* carried a crew of nine men, and there was a boy on board named James Jones, who was making a pleasure trip. The trawler was about 130 miles off St. Ann's Head on Tuesday evening, June 1st, when, without warning, a shot came overhead, smashing the small boat. The boy Jones was sent to the bridge, and the crew lashed some boards into a raft. A second shot killed the boy. The skipper, Steve Stephenson, went forward and was talking to the chief engineer, Albert Cole, in the forecastle doorway, when a shot killed them both. Huddleston was struck on the arm and hand by shrapnel, and fell down the forecastle ladder. Another shot blew off both legs of the mate, Dennis McCarthy, and another broke the legs of the trimmer, Frank Slade. Four survivors, with George Rudge, of Milford, the cook, got aboard the improvised raft, but Rudge was drowned. The other four were taken aboard the submarine and kept there throughout the night, being most of the time submerged. Next morning they saw another trawler, the *Hirose*, sunk in similar fashion to the *Victoria* off Lundy Island. About thirty shots were fired at the trawler. The Germans temporarily took the crew on board the submarine. The commander sent men on

board the *Hirose* with bombs, which they fired and returned, but the trawler did not go under as quickly as expected, whereupon the commander ordered two shells to be put into her amidships. These sunk her. Afterwards the crew were put into their lifeboat with the four survivors of the *Victoria*, and cast adrift with six or seven biscuits and not a drop of water. Bad weather came on, rain and a strong wind driving against them. All day and night they rowed without attracting the attention of any passing ships, until well into Thursday they hailed the *Ballater*.

Contrast these incidents, illustrative of the campaign, with the compact which Germany made not with us alone, but with all the nations of the world. These trawlers were engaged in fishing; they had no military character. Under the Hague Convention of 1907 it was agreed:—

"Vessels employed exclusively in coast fisheries or in the services of petty local navigation are exempt from capture altogether, with their appliances, rigging, tackle, and cargo.

"This exception ceases to be applicable as soon as they take any part whatever in hostilities.

"The Contracting Powers bind themselves not to take advantage of the harmless character of the said vessels in order to use them for military purposes while preserving their peaceful appearance."

The enemy has not merely ignored this generally accepted rule, but has killed, with unparalleled callousness, hundreds of fishermen by shell fire, surprise attack by torpedo, and by mines.

The mining policy has not been Germany's least heinous crime. She agreed that it should be "forbidden to lay automatic contact mines off coasts and ports of the enemy with the sole object of intercepting commercial shipping." The first notable act at sea of



the German Navy was to lay mines in the pathway of peaceful commerce off the East Coast of England, and throughout the war the same policy has been pursued, with the result that scores of non-combatants have been killed.

Nor is this the limit of her crimes. On the one hand it was agreed, in the interests of humanity, that "military hospital ships—that is to say, ships constructed or adapted by States specially and solely with the view of aiding the wounded, sick, and shipwrecked—the names of which have been communicated to the belligerent Powers at the commencement or during the course of hostilities, and in any case before they are employed, shall be respected and cannot be captured while hostilities continue." On the other hand, it was agreed that "the Governments undertake not to use these ships for any military purpose." What has happened? It is now established by the British prize court that the German Navy employed a hospital ship as a spy ship; she frequented our ports, moved about among our Fleet, and conveyed her information to German agents. It is also established that an attempt was made to torpedo one of our hospital ships.

Germany also agreed, under the Convention of 1907, that "the bombardment by naval forces of ports, towns, villages, dwellings, or buildings which are not defended is forbidden." It was added, by way of amplification, that this prohibition does not include military works, military or naval establishments, stores of arms or war material, workshops and plant which could be utilized for the needs of the hostile fleet or army and ships of war lying in the harbor. The commander of a naval force, after a summons fixing a reasonable delay, may destroy them with artillery, if all other means are impossible and when the local au-

thorities have not proceeded to destroy them within the time fixed.

In this connection Mr. J. A. Hall<sup>7</sup> records that in the article relating to land warfare corresponding to Article 1 of this Convention, the attack of bombardment "by any means whatever" of the places specified is forbidden, thus preventing the use of aeroplanes or balloons for bomb-dropping. In face of these provisions Scarborough and Whitby—seaside towns of the most innocent character—have been bombarded by German men-of-war, and a large number of non-combatants killed or maimed, and Southend and London and other places have been attacked by bombs dropped from aerial craft, many non-combatants having also been murdered.

In excuse for all these infractions of the laws of God and man, it has been claimed by the enemy that they have been committed in retaliation for the British action in shutting off supplies from Germany—trying, as they put it, "to starve our civil population." This plea is typical of German methods; it rests on a lie. What are the facts?

1. The sinking of fishing vessels began in the early period of the war.
2. Scarborough and Whitby, undefended towns, were bombarded on December 16th, several persons being murdered.
3. The practice of sinking, on sight, British merchant ships was begun in January with the scantiest regard for the safety of life, submarines being employed.
4. The British hospital ship *Asturias* was attacked off Havre on February 2nd.

Then came the German declaration of a "war zone," embracing the English Channel, the north and west coasts of France, and the waters round the British Isles.

<sup>7</sup> "The Law of Naval Warfare," by J. A. Hall. (London: Chapman and Hall.)

We had hitherto employed the Fleet with the utmost restraint to the advantage of Germany, which received vast quantities of goods, including food direct and much contraband through neutral ports. For a time she was permitted to obtain both copper and cotton from the United States. There was a wise desire on the part of the British Government not to alienate American opinion. A great fleet had not been employed in European waters for over a hundred years; the effect of warfare on neutrals had been forgotten to a great extent. It was in these circumstances that the British authorities determined to use the supreme Navy of the world with all possible restraint, so that there might be no outcry against "British navalism," bringing us under such a condemnation as became almost immediately vocal throughout the world against "German militarism."

The declaration by the Germans of a blockade by submarine and mine was a threat of outrage made when the German flag, by the legitimate use of our sea power, had been driven off the seas and the main German Fleet had been "contained." Germany was powerless, and, as an act of revenge for the failure of her naval policy, she entered upon her submarine campaign.

It was in retaliation for this declaration that the British Government decided upon making more effective use of the British Fleet—cutting off all supplies to Germany. In a singularly lucid Note to the neutral Governments, Sir Edward Grey explained British policy:—

"The German declaration substitutes indiscriminate destruction for regulated capture. Germany is adopting these methods against peaceful traders and non-combatant crews with the avowed object of preventing commodities of all kinds (including food for civil population) from reaching or leaving the British Isles or Northern

France. Her opponents are, therefore, driven to frame retaliatory measures in order in their turn to prevent commodities of any kind from reaching or leaving Germany. These measures will, however, be enforced by the British and French Governments without risk to neutral ships or to neutral or non-combatant life, and in strict observance of the dictates of humanity.

"The British and French Governments will therefore hold themselves free to detain and take into port ships carrying goods of presumed enemy destination, ownership, or origin. It is not intended to confiscate such vessels or cargoes unless they would otherwise be liable to condemnation."

Germany's acts were directed against all property at sea, enemy or neutral, and involved the destruction of life; the British reprisals were directed against Germany alone; innocent neutral ships and cargoes were not even threatened with confiscation, nor was life endangered.

The crimes committed by the German Navy can only be duly appreciated if we refer back to the professions which she made in peace time—whether with the object of putting other nations off their guard or not, who shall say? The representatives of the Powers of the world assembled at the Hague in 1907, when Baron Marshal von Bleherstein made the following declaration:—

"A belligerent who lays down mines assumes a very heavy responsibility towards neutrals and pacific navigation. On this point we are all agreed. Nobody will have recourse to this method without absolutely urgent military reasons. But *military acts are not ruled exclusively by the stipulations of international law*. There are other factors—conscience, good sense, and the sentiment of duties imposed by the principles of humanity will be the surest guides for the conduct of seamen, and will constitute the most efficacious guarantee against abuse. *The officers of the German Navy—I say it with a high voice—will always*

fulfil in the strictest manner the duties which flow from the unwritten law of humanity and civilization.

"I need not tell you that I entirely recognize the importance of the codification of the rules to be followed in war. But we must beware of decreeing rules whereof the strict observance might be rendered impossible by the force of things. It is of primary importance that the international law we seek to create shall only contain clauses whereof the execution is militarily possible, even in exceptional circumstances. Otherwise, respect for the law would be diminished and its authority shaken. . . . As to the sentiments of humanity and civilization, I cannot admit that any Government or country is in these superior to that which I have the honor to represent."

What did the world think were the "sentiments of humanity and civilization" as affecting naval warfare? Were they those respected by Nelson and the great line of sailors? Were they those of the privateers of the past, like Captain Semmes, of the *Alabama*, who never destroyed wantonly a single life, and even permitted a merchant ship—a rich prize—to go free because he could not accommodate passengers and crew? On the very eve of the war—in June, 1914—a British Squadron, under Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender, visited Kiel, and at one of the banquets Grand Admiral von Koester, the naval confidant of the German Emperor, declared:—

"It will always be the aim of our Navy to emulate the noble deeds and to live up to the exalted traditions of the gallant British Fleet. Nelson is dead, but his spirit lives to-day in all those seamen who place honor and glory before the material advantages of their service. The German Navy looks up to Nelson with awe and reverence, and its highest ambition in the hour of destiny will be to live up to his noble example."

A year ago there was no doubt as to what was meant by the expression,

"the sentiments of humanity and civilization." If Germany is now their exponent at sea, it is apparent that they are no protection against outrage and murder on a wholesale scale, without military objective, but aimed merely at the creation of an atmosphere of terror, confusion, and weakness—wherein they have failed signally.

Are the Germans pirates? No, and for reasons which must be mentioned later on. It was the custom at one time in England to denounce Paul Jones as "a pirate." Sir John Knox Laughton, writing some years ago,<sup>8</sup> described him as "a naval adventurer." The condemnation of the sailor whom Americans honor has been challenged with much force by Mr. J. R. Thurfild.<sup>9</sup> But nevertheless Paul Jones is a type of the ruthless seaman at war; even when studied through the perspective of a century and a half, his acts were still regarded by many persons a year ago as bordering on piracy. If he made war ruthlessly, in what category do the officers and men of the German Navy, with Grand Admiral von Tirpitz at their head, fall? Contrast their acts with one incident in Paul Jones's career, one of many of a chivalrous character which Mr. Thurfild recalls. The sailor shared to the full the sentiments of all Americans, and of not a few Englishmen, concerning the harsh treatment by the English authorities of American prisoners of war. By way of remedy for the evils complained of, he conceived the idea of seizing some Englishman of rank and repute and holding him as a hostage until the conditions of the prisoners were ameliorated. The time and place seemed favorable to his design. Baffled at Whitehaven, and yet having spread terror and consternation far and wide, he struck across the Bay

<sup>8</sup> "Dictionary of National Biography."

<sup>9</sup> "Nelson and other Studies," by J. R. Thurfild. (London: John Murray.)

of Kirkcudbright, and there anchored off St. Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk, intending to seize that nobleman. On his return to Brest he wrote a letter to Lady Selkirk in which he stated that "It cannot be too much lamented that, in the profession of arms, the officer of fine feelings and real sensibility should be under the necessity of winking at any action of persons under his command, which his heart cannot approve, but the reflection is doubly severe when he finds himself obliged in appearance to countenance such by his authority." He then explained that he visited St. Mary's Isle to seize Lord Selkirk, and found him not there. He had to appease his officers and men, disappointed at the issue of their errand. They wanted to do something by way of reprisals against the British. "I had but a moment," Jones added, "to think how I might gratify them, and at the same time do your ladyship the least injury. I charged the two officers to permit none of the seamen to enter the house, or to hurt anything about it; to treat you, madam, with the utmost respect; to accept of the plate, which was offered, and to come away without making a search, or demanding anything else. I am induced to believe that I was punctually obeyed. . . . I have gratified my men; and when the plate is sold, I shall become the purchaser, and will gratify my own feelings by restoring it to you, by such conveyance as you shall please to direct." Jones redeemed his pledge, and having paid, it is said, £140 out of his own pocket, the plate found its way, after many vicissitudes, back to St. Mary's Isle. This was the action of a man who captured rather than sank his prizes, who was solicitous for the lives of non-combatants and wounded, and yet was described as a pirate—as pirates were regarded in the eighteenth century. He is revealed as a great sailor

with many faults, not a murderer or a brigand.

Now we are confronted with the Germans. Are they pirates? Pirates are sailors who, owing allegiance to no State, roam the seas committing acts of robbery and destruction, and frequently murder, in pursuit of their own ends. The officers of the submarines who have been responsible for such grievous loss of life are the servants of a State. That fact may be some excuse for men under discipline—it is theirs to obey—but such a plea merely shifts the responsibility from them to their masters, the Emperor, Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, and the people of Germany, who have gloried in their courses. The acts are not acts of piracy in the strict meaning of the term, but of outlawry; they have degraded the German Navy, and in the world's condemnation the German Government and the inhabitants of the German Empire are inevitably involved. The outlaw State—the State which has placed itself beyond the laws of God and man—is served by an outlaw Navy.

The civilized, peaceable nations of the world would sign their death warrant if they condoned such crimes as the sinking of the *Lusitania* and other merchant ships, with the loss altogether of not far short of 1,700 lives; the war on defenceless fishermen, resulting in murder; the bombardment of the seaside resorts, resulting in further murder; the air raids on undefended towns, causing again loss of life; the use of hospital ships for spying; the destruction of neutral merchant vessels and their cargoes, and crews in some cases; and the callous disregard of the principle of "humanity after action."

Punishment must be exacted in due course, not to satisfy any desire for revenge on our part, but to vindicate those "sentiments of humanity and civ-



ilization" which less than a year ago were regarded as a heritage to be handed on to succeeding generations

The Fortnightly Review.

throughout the world as the foundations of a brighter, saner, and happier age.

Archibald Hurd.

## PARIS IN WAR TIME.

As I had left Paris on the 27th of June, 1914, for my usual summer retreat to the Breton sea coast, I spent the first part of the war, including the entire period of "Mobilization," far away from the Capital, and I must admit that I was profoundly impressed by the aspect of my beloved Paris when I returned to my flat there in late September. The "Ville Lumière" looked like a woman who had gone through the deep sorrow of an unfortunate love affair, but was determined to keep up a brave and courageous attitude, and would not allow herself to be pitied, even by her best friends! Usually, at that period of the year, Paris is still more or less the haunt of the tripper and traveller, for Parisians themselves rarely return to the city before the last days of October. But, even when the Parisians of the upper classes are absent, September Paris is yet bright and gay and busy with the distinguished visitors passing through, filling the smart restaurants and shops and by-ways. The most brilliant and representative women of all countries are to be seen there buying the newest fashions in all the large dressmaking and millinery establishments that have made Paris the centre of the world of elegance. But the Paris of September, 1914, was as if it were a dead city—a city whose soul was tense with emotion and refusing to be interested in any form of frivolity, because all its energy was devoted to its firm resolution to attain the final victory over its enemies. The Rue de la Paix, the Place Vendôme, the Avenue de l'Opéra, and all the ad-

jacent streets, usually so animated and *affairées* at this hour, were now deserted and empty. They reminded one of a perpetual Sunday afternoon! All the larger shops were closed. Scarcely a dozen people could be counted in the Rue de la Paix in the middle of the afternoon. The fashionable tea-shops, usually buzzing with noise at this season, were not even opened, and their closed shutters looked funereal. Even though the poorer quarters of the city retained some of their activity, one noticed that there was a dearth of young men and an increasingly anxious look upon the faces of the women. The larger emporiums, such as the Galeries Lafayette, the Printemps, &c., were forsaken by their customers, and at least nine-tenths of their employees were away at the front. Later, when people began to crowd again into the shops for their warmer winter clothing, they found that there was but one attendant for every four buyers!

All the taxis and motor buses having been sent off to the front, the local transport of Paris was effected by means of the tramways only, and the local railway lines had to be closed up for lack of employees to attend to the passengers. But the railway companies, like those of the tramways, found that in the absence of their male employees, the wives of the men could be employed as conductors and porters, and so took them on in the place of the absentees—at a lower rate of pay, of course, even though they performed the same duties as their husbands! The chauffeurs and engine-drivers had to be recruited from the ranks of the



older men, and, during the period of probation necessary to their responsibility, the trains were run at a slower speed.

From the beginning of the war up to the early days of the New Year, all traffic on the railway lines was ended at nine o'clock every evening, both Sundays and week-days. After the beginning of January, trains were run an hour later, and in February till eleven P.M. But the tramway lines closed even earlier, half-past seven or half-past eight being the latest hours for the evening departures, according to the locality. The restaurants and cafés were closed at nine also, at half-past nine, and at ten later in the winter, and everything was done by the municipal authorities to discourage the Parisians from going out in the evening. Long before the days of the Zeppelin scares, all lights were extinguished in certain parts of Paris. Occasional lamps were lit, but only on one side of each street. Excepting along the Boulevards and in the larger *carrefours*, Paris looked like a dead city.

I tried to pass the Place de la Concorde one evening in October, at half-past eight at night, and found that it was a vast abyss of gloom, approached by another dark abyss, which was the Rue Royale in total darkness. Never had I seen Paris like this! And later it was even worse, for, when the newer orders were given in view of the threatened Zeppelin raid, all the inhabitants were informed that they must close the shutters of all windows, or, in the absence of shutters, veil the panes with thick curtains, so as to hide the light within the houses. After that, Paris was darker than ever, and it was positively dangerous to venture forth in the more thinly populated quarters after six o'clock in the evening. The municipal authorities had warned the population that, in the

event of a raid, they would be advised by means of the sound of trumpets and clarions. They were enjoined, as soon as these were sounded, to rush to the nearest place of safety—that is to say, to stand preferably in a doorway, or to hide in the cellars of their houses! As for the lighted lamps in the streets and *carrefours* of Paris, they could be extinguished at a moment's notice from headquarters, in the various *arrondissements* of the city.

When all these orders had been executed, the aspect of Paris was still more funereal than before! I remember some years ago—in my early youth—crossing the streets of Paris about three in the morning on the eve of the day of President Carnot's funeral. It will be remembered that Carnot, who was assassinated by an Anarchist, was allotted the honor of a State funeral. The route along which the procession was to pass on the morrow was being prepared for the occasion. All the walls of the public buildings were draped with black crape, and even the street lamps along the avenues where the cortège was to pass, though still alight, were each veiled with crape likewise. At the hour of the funeral, the lamps would be extinguished, but each post being entirely covered with a black pall would appear to be one of a straight serried row of lamp-posts, stationed like black sentries on each side of the road. The effect was extraordinarily lugubrious, and the memory of it has always remained in my mind ever since. I was reminded of this scene, the first time that I saw Paris at night during the present war.

But what was perhaps more striking than the outward appearance of my "bonne Ville de Paris," was the inner-resurrection of the spirit of its inhabitants. After the transfer of the Government and the more important State Administrations from Paris to Bordeaux, and the large exodus from

the city, I had necessarily expected to find the inhabitants greatly reduced in numbers. But at least I thought I should find them as full of spirit as ever and as full of eager vitality. Strange to say, however, the exuberant Parisians of yore had suddenly become impressively solemn and sober-minded, disciplined and resolute. One realized that it was not only the steadier provinces which had felt the shock of the abrupt change to more serious thoughts, but that Paris too—Paris the frivolous and charming—had now fortified its spirit and was grimly determined to wait calmly and serenely for the end—the final success of which it never for one moment doubted. For I do not think that during all this long war there has been a single moment when this conviction has not been keenly alive among the population. There were evidences of the urgent appeal which the Parisians had made to their deeper selves to be noted in every detail of the life of the city. Even the most trivial-minded women seemed to have thrust from themselves their cherished caprices and to have sobered down into earnest, helpful creatures. The true note of everything now was mutual help, aid, succor, devotion on all sides.

And not only was the spirit of mutuality and help evident everywhere, but one also noted the supreme effort made by one and all not to wound the feelings or convictions of others. Those who formerly were the most separated by their opinions and ideals, were now gathered together in the same *élan* of goodwill and reciprocal kindness. All the meaner dissensions seemed to be forgotten, done away with altogether. Parisians, usually considered so shallow and so light-heartedly selfish, were proving their broad-mindedness and their rare qualities of feeling.

And as the French are pre-eminently an artistic race, prompted by a fastidi-

ous sense of taste and of fitness in the details of life, their gravity of thought and dignity of bearing, as well as their tactful respect for the feelings of others, were now evinced in the manner of their dress. Among all classes, since the beginning of the war, this attitude of definite composure among the people was noticeable, but in no way more than in the dress and accoutrement of the Parisian women. In the tramways, on the underground railways, in the streets, in the shops, it almost appeared at first sight that all the women were gowned in a uniform of dark color. Not that all were in mourning, but one and all, anxious not to offend the taste of those who wore the garb of woe which French custom imposes so strictly upon the sorrowing relations of the dead, had adopted the most sombre colors for outdoor wear. At the present moment there is no jewelry of any kind worn, and none of the extravagant *aligrettes* and *plumes* which adorned last year's modes. This sudden change to severity is the more noticeable to those who have followed the details of Paris fashions within recent years. The modes of the last few seasons had been largely influenced by the violent and clashing tones used in the Russian ballets which had taken Paris by storm. The most eccentric styles, the most *décolleté* corsages, the flimsiest and most transparent of materials, the split-up skirts revealing half the leg of the wearer, the cobweb silk stockings, the bare shoulders and bosoms seen through fine net or lace in full daylight, the high, waving feathers, the profusion of barbaric jewels, of extravagant furs and laces, all these have disappeared as if by enchantment, because the intuition of the Parisienne has prompted her to conform to the general national spirit in these times of individual and national sorrow.

It is a wonderfully interesting subject to study carefully, this sudden

and radical transformation of the soul of a race. But can it be called a transformation? Was it not rather a resurrection, determined by the passionate resentment of an invaded people, which brought up to the surface once more the national characteristics and qualities that had lain dormant for so long through unheroic times?

What this war will have proved to the French themselves, and to their friends also, as well as to their enemies, is that, throughout the generations, the old qualities of bravery, valor, and chivalry, which had distinguished the race in the past, have remained as strong and as vital as ever, in spite of all appearances to the contrary. How far off now seem such things as Tango teas and the Caillaux case! They belong to the distant times "before the war."

Thus France now is stern, grave, and serene, and ready to confront all difficulties, all tragedies even, provided that in the end she shall be victorious. And the frivolous, gay, and happy soul of her lies hidden beneath an unconquerable tenacity of purpose.

When necessity for immediate action became apparent, all the force of the country instantly revived, and, like a torrent of lava, swept away into oblivion before its fiery flood all that it touched. Frivolity disappeared entirely. The traditional and heroic soul of France came back to life once more. The very originators of the most extravagant and sumptuous luxuries were the first to don their uniforms, to go out to the front, and to die like heroes. The women put on the straight linen overall and tightbound veil of the Red Cross nurse. And even those who did not serve as nurses sobered down their accoutrement at once. Their motors were commandeered for the Army, and one sees them now, plainly attired in dark serge costumes and close hats, using the *Metro* as a

means of locomotion and, laden with parcels for the soldiers, going from one hospital to another. Even "At Home" days are done away with in Paris, for no one is entertaining and there is no probability of any hostess wishing to entertain for some time to come! So, after a long day's work, devoted to good deeds, all Paris goes to bed now at nine o'clock in the evening! It is to be hoped that history will not forget to extol the virtues of the woman of 1914. For they are truly worthy of commendation. The modern Parisienne has not needed the slightest admonition, nor lesson, nor teacher to point out to her where her duty lies. The wave of heroism that has swept over all the country, has dominated and possessed her soul and, though her sex forbids her the excitement of the fight, she has in her own way gone to the front and become a soldier—for the soldier's spirit has filled her soul. And her greatest merit is that she does not realize the noble courage of her own conduct.

The entire population of Paris has marvellously adapted itself to the new conditions of national life. It may even be said that many of those citizens—both men and women—who formerly were most agitated members of the community, now find a great charm in the simple life to which they have been forced by circumstances, and, if the tormenting thought of the hostilities in progress at the front did not beset them, they would welcome the new conditions of their existence with delight. For if Paris is no longer Paris as they once knew her, she has gained a new charm which but few of us knew before, the charm of the provincial town. How often, during a season of over-strung nervous excitement, when the days seemed too short to contain their various and varied occupations with all the hurry and bustle that one forced into them, would we

not have welcomed days of quiet and uneventful hours which offer us time for meditation, and the simpler and rarer emotions of pleasant friendly intercourse!—not to mention the reading and music and all the other attractive pursuits to which one could devote no time at all during the days of the Tango teas and Russian ballets! Besides these new joys, what novelties have not been discovered since the beginning of the war by the weary and surfeited Parisians, who formerly spent all their time in frivolities? Just as the women of the jaded court of Marie Antoinette found great charm in playing at butter-making, the neurasthenic ladies of 1914 have discovered a new enjoyment in cultivating the more unsophisticated pastimes.

There are even no dinner-parties now given in Paris, but occasionally a hostess invites a few of her old friends and cronies to a simple dinner—the “diner de guerre” she calls it—composed merely of two dishes. The men servants being all away at the war, the war-dinner is served by a simple hand-maiden. As all economies are severely practised in the household because of the necessary charities to be performed, it is taken quite as a matter of course that one's hostess should deprive herself of all unnecessary luxury to come to the aid of some poor mother of a starving family. The table therefore is not decorated with expensive flowers nor covered with a lace table-cloth. The diners—not in evening dress—gather around and chat together with greater intimacy and *abandon* than before. The suppression of all pomp and show has reduced the guests to their native simplicity, and they are all the better for it. At these informal gatherings, as well as at the knitting parties which have replaced the formal “At Home” calls in the afternoon, the conversation becomes more cordial, and people who

formerly would have found time only to be mere acquaintances now become true friends. The profounder qualities are allowed to become more apparent. One is not ashamed to show the true depths of one's heart, any more than one is ashamed to own one's poverty. It is no longer the thing to be smart. It is the thing to be simple, real, and kindly.

Neither is there time or taste for talking scandal. No one even thinks of it. It is a curious fact, but, during war-time, when everyone in the nation is in fear for the life of some loved one, no one wishes to speak unkindly of one's friends. Such manners may have been current last year—*avant la guerre*. But now *nous avons changé tout cela!* The two periods are quite separated in the minds of all. There was the time of *avant la guerre*, but now we are living in the time of *pendant la guerre*. These terms will probably subsist for many generations on the lips of Parisians. *Avant la guerre* will signify all that is frivolous and meretricious, while *pendant la guerre* will signify all that is heroic. Of course, *la guerre* will now always mean for us this particular war, though until now, *la guerre* to French people has meant the war of 1870. We now allude to the past war as *la guerre de '70*. Thus it is that the current expressions used by a generation typify that generation throughout history.

The general stampede from the capital, when the President of the Republic, the Government, the high State Administrations, and even the offices of some of the most important newspapers, were transferred to Bordeaux, took life still further away from Paris, making Bordeaux the capital of France for the time being. This sudden exodus from the Parisian capital gained a new *sobriquet* for those who fled the city. Henceforth they were known



as the *Tournedos à la Bordelaise*! which literally translated means the "Turnbacks in the style of Bordeaux." This is actually the name of a dish popular amongst Frenchmen—a very delicate sort of steak, served up with a Bordelaise sauce. It was an apt nickname for the occasion. But, it was most indicative, too, of the disregard of Parisians for the Government as an institution carrying weight and respect to note that, while the whole of the State paraphernalia was absent from Paris, the *Ville Lumière* herself fared just as well without it! It is true that, at that time, the military governor of Paris, General Gallieni, had taken up the reins of authority and was controlling the interior management of the city with an efficient sense of responsibility, which had restored the confidence of the citizens.

The Parisians, like the provincials, seem determined to forget all the differences that once separated them—differences of opinions and convictions, whether political, social, or religious. There are no dissensions now of any kind. This is noticeable in a great number of ways, but in no detail is it more apparent than concerning the choice of the newspapers sold and read in the capital. Hitherto, the classes of readers of the various political papers had been most clearly defined. It would have been impossible to find a Socialist with the *Echo de Paris* in his hand, or a *Réactionnaire* reading *La Guerre Sociale*. But since the war all these habits have been changed. People of all political groups and opinions read the *Echo de Paris* now, not only for the war news, but also to be able to keep in touch with the articles which Maurice Barrès and Paul Bourget publish in its columns, because the point of view of these stern upholders of the Nationalist and religious parties has suddenly become of great interest to men of all parties in

France. Gustave Hervé, too, who had served so many years in prison for his too advanced Socialist and Anti-militarist views, has now been transformed into an ardent and eager patriot. His articles in the *Guerre Sociale* explaining this transformation and enjoining his readers to follow his example are some of the most ably written and admired journalistic productions of his time, and have been received with great enthusiasm. This writer, who, if he had not absolutely insulted the French flag, at least had once derided it, and had paid for that particular offence with several months' imprisonment, now produces articles which, in their practical rhetoric and strong common-sense arguments, remind one somewhat of certain articles of Henri Rochefort. Indeed, it may be said that Hervé's success among the public of 1914 as a *chroniqueur* has only been equalled by Rochefort during the war of 1870. People of all convictions of thought and religion read his daily articles eagerly, and one is amazed to find the once exaggerated, absurd, and ever anti-governmental pamphleteer, the once fiery opponent of all law and order, write such sober-minded and subtle arguments in favor of peace and goodwill towards all men. The calling together to arms of all men of all denominations, of all classes, of all trades and convictions, of all ideals and all religions, making of them comrades in arms to defend the same cause, has brought about an amalgamation of all conflicting interests in a manner that would have been judged totally impossible in France some months ago when it seemed that no force could ever be sufficiently powerful to achieve so heroic a task. But now the sense of values appears to have been subtly altered, and even the very terms used to express them have no longer the same quality of meaning which they possessed before the war.



How permanent or how impermanent these changes in the French national temperament may be, the future de-

*The Contemporary Review.*

velopments of history alone will be able to show. . . .

*Claire de Pratz.*

## THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

BY ALICE PERRIN.

### CHAPTER VI.

Directly the front door closed behind Caroline, Mrs. Wendover hurried upstairs to the nursery. There she found Frankie and Lizzie, the temporary nurse, engaged in their daily dispute over the question of gloves. The child was dressed for his afternoon outing, round sailor cap, blue reefer coat, leggings, and brown boots. Already the little face was plumper, the small frame looked less frail, the fretful "Indian" expression had left his eyes—vivid blue eyes, so like those of his mother. Undoubtedly, England was the proper place for Frankie from now until he should be of an age to take his share in the service of the Empire; and well Rose knew it. She accepted the inevitable law, though in her heart she quailed at the prospect, now so near, of leaving him.

Lizzie was making a firm effort to fit an absurd little pair of dog-skin gloves on to fingers and thumbs that doubled up bonelessly. Her victim rebelled and protested. "Oh, you naughty Lidgey!—oh, you naughty boy!" he cried.

"Now, Master Frankie, if you talk like that you can't go out at all."

Frankie did not modify his language, but the usual good luck of the malefactor was his, for at the moment when "Lidgey" was about to enforce her threat Mrs. Wendover came in to say she would take Frankie out herself this afternoon. His triumph, however, was leavened by the lesser triumph of Lizzie, who, in the matter of gloves, was upheld by her mistress. A

little later mother and child left the house, bound for a wonderful building that was said to contain stuffed animals and birds, and eggs, and butterflies, and fishes.

Frankie, like the majority of children from India, disliked walking, also whatever was behind him appeared to attract him more than anything in front; progress, therefore, was slow until they took an omnibus. The afternoon was cold and dull; Mrs. Wendover rather regretted having lent her fur coat to her niece, but inside the Natural History Museum she found the atmosphere warm to airlessness. The great entrance-hall was almost devoid of visitors, only a few inert-looking figures loitered around the great African elephant that towered, monstrous and impassive, above their heads. Frankie's boots resounded like hoofs on the floor, but even he felt subdued, as though he were in church, and whispered when he inquired if people were allowed to ride on the elephant.

To Mrs. Wendover it seemed hardly probable that she should encounter Carol and Captain Falconer, even if this were the museum they had appointed for their tryst. She had never been inside the place before, and it looked so vast, so endless. Aimlessly she and Frankie wandered; they gazed at eggs and nests, cunningly concealed amid foliage and rushes, at dumb, stuffed birds that once had been alive and busy over their domestic interests, flying free, dodging danger, training their offspring to do likewise.

Now, they stared with glassy eyes, their plumage fixed, their movements caught, set in death. Then presently the pair of humans found themselves compassed about with mammoth skeletons, huge, isolated skulls, and jaws filled with gigantic teeth that resembled lumps of rock; nightmare shapes, and ladders of bone that tapered to serpent-like extremities, reared and grinned around them; these, and the silence, the ill-ventilated spaces, the tall windows, and the gleam of glass cases, oppressed Rose and devitalized her. Frankie, half frightened, half bored, dragged heavily at her hand.

"Mummie, get into a cab," he whimpered. "I want to go home, Mummie, I'm tired——"

Then he saw something at the end of the gallery that caught his attention. "There's Cousin Carol!" he shouted, and darted forward.

There they were, two familiar figures bending over a case of fossils, their elbows on the framework, absorbed in earnest talk. Caroline's face was illumined, radiant, beneath her aunt's becoming hat. Max Falconer's was resolute, intent. Rose approached them with leisurely steps.

"Well, I never!" she said; "what on earth are you two doing here?"

Their dismay was almost ludicrous. Rose laughed, partly on purpose, partly because she could not help it. Captain Falconer looked sheepish, Caroline was crimson.

"I suppose you met quite by accident? How funny that we should all find ourselves at the same place. Frankie and I just came in to have a look round. I adore skins and bones."

Captain Falconer began to feel indignant. He was certain Mrs. Wendover had followed Caroline deliberately. Vindictively he felt tempted to make a rude personal reference to her skin-and-bone predilections. Frankie, pointing, asking shrill questions,

pulled at his cousin, who, with ready relief, accompanied him to a farther spot behind the giant armadillo. For the moment Mrs. Wendover and Captain Falconer were alone. He looked at her morosely.

"I suppose you wonder what I'm up to?" he said, in obvious defiance.

"I confess I am curious."

"Then if you want to know—I love her!" He gazed, frowning, out of the window.

"And what are you going to do?" Her tone was detached and calm.

He turned to her in a sort of resentful helplessness. "I'm damned if I know!" he said.

Rose regarded him interestedly. The handsome, selfish creature was entangled in the meshes of love like an angry wasp in a web.

"You could marry her, perhaps," she suggested.

But before he could reply Frankie ran back to them, clamoring that they should come and look at something with a beak that was just like grandpapa. Also Caroline approached, and Rose noted the slow smile on her lips and the pleasure in her eyes. She guessed that a load had been lifted from the girl's heart now that Aunt Rose had "caught" her with Captain Falconer and did not appear to be shocked or annoyed. They all drew together and laughed disrespectfully at the prehistoric reconstruction that was like grandpapa; then, as they strolled through the gallery, Rose was considerate. Several times she took Frankie aside to look at weird objects, instructing him in natural history evolved from her imagination.

Captain Falconer went home with them for tea and was received placidly by Lady Wendover. Sir James and Francis were at their club, and they all felt this to be fortunate. From thenceforward, till he said good-bye, Captain Falconer's manner was

quite impersonal. He told Mrs. Wendover at what theatre he had taken seats for Saturday night, and conversed of plays, and of events in the papers, practically ignoring Caroline, who sat silent in happy understanding. Afterwards Rose self-debated whether she should speak frankly to Carol concerning the encounter in the Natural History Museum, or pretend she believed the pair to have met accidentally. On the whole it seemed wiser to say nothing for the present, particularly as Carol herself chose to behave like an ostrich. Rose thought her a little ungrateful, considering the gray chiffon blouse, and the fur coat and the hat; impolitic, too, in view of the coming theatre party. Rose resisted the temptation to discover how far matters had progressed; at least she was now more or less in the man's confidence, and no doubt on Saturday night something definite would be disclosed.

The following morning she investigated Caroline's wardrobe, and found two simple evening dresses, a white one and a pale blue, in addition to the "high" garment worn regularly for dinner. The white would do, it was quite harmless, and a little supervision on Saturday night would be sufficient. If the suitor were in earnest he was now beyond the influence of clothes.

"I wore that dress at the last dance I went to," said Caroline; "but it isn't very dirty."

Rose examined the end of the skirt. "The dance where you met Mr. Jerrold?" she asked.

"Yes." A pause. "He said he thought it was the prettiest dress in the room."

"Poor young man! He means so well and is so keen on his business, and we all snubbed him so dreadfully the other day. I really wish you could have gone to their party, just to please him."

"It might have been awkward afterwards, as Granny said."

"Perhaps—especially if he had wanted to marry you!"

Caroline said nothing. Her silence always provoked her aunt.

"Wouldn't you like to be married, Carol?" she said, with impatience.

"I shouldn't like to be an old maid," was the unsatisfactory answer.

Then they returned to the question of the white gown for Saturday night.

They were a party of six at the theatre. A brother officer of Captain Falconer, and his wife, made up the number. It was a long play, and they arrived rather late at a fashionable restaurant. Caroline had been there to tea, and had eaten rich cakes and felt deafened by the band and people's voices, but never before had she entered it, nor, indeed, any other restaurant, at night. Feeling shy and unimportant, she followed Mrs. Wendover into the cloak-room, and received an impression of a crowd of moving, rustling women, most of them large, heavily-perfumed, with surprisingly red lips, many jewels, much powder. Their clothes were marvellous to Caroline, their elaborate hairdressing, the ornaments that flashed and floated from their heads. She noticed, standing at one of the mirrors, another girl of about her own age and height, who turned to glance at her with beautiful, contemptuous eyes; a gold and purple dress hung loosely from her shoulders, her auburn hair was bound by a dazzling band of paste. She seemed so insolently secure in the power of her personal attractions and the finish of her appearance that Caroline felt overawed and faintly envious. She feared forlornly that her own little white garment must look like a night-gown, so simple was it, so severe, by contrast with the radiance of the other's attire.

But the expression in Falconer's eyes, as he caught sight of Caroline

amid the brilliant throng that emerged from the cloak-room into the vestibule, brought the color again to her cheeks and lifted the transitory weight from her spirits.

She passed at his side through the palm court to their table in the dining-room, bewildered, yet intoxicated with the lights, the color, the music, and the gay collection of human beings. It was an exhilarating atmosphere even to those who, unlike Caroline, were familiar with it. Tempting food went round, champagne glistened in the glasses, the band grew louder, the clamor of voices rose.

Then Caroline felt herself assailed by a strange, distressful jealousy of it all. This was only a fragment of an immense world of which she was ignorant, in which she had no part, and she realized how guarded, how insipid had been her existence—almost she regretted, now, that she had ever seen Max Falconer, that she had ever come here—she wished she had remained undisturbed in her quiet, eventless way of life. The color and gaiety around her faded, the food had no taste, the lights grew dim. And at this moment the lights were actually extinguished as a hint that it was late, and the usual hubbub of amused protest filled the darkness. Indulgently the lights went up again, and Captain Falconer's party rose and threaded their way among the tables to the door.

Caroline, slowly descending the steps into the palm court, knew that Max Falconer was close behind her. He bent and whispered abruptly: "I'm going away to-morrow until I sail for India. I think it's the only thing to do."

"Why?" It seemed to her as if she had shouted the word aloud.

"I can't trust myself if I stay. I must go away—"

She felt powerless—she could not speak.

"Carol—you know I'm mad about you; and it's not fair. I oughtn't to have let myself go so far——"

Still she said nothing, and now they were at the end of the palm court, and she must follow the other women into the cloak-room.

"One moment," he said desperately, stepping quickly after her.

But she had left him, and he found no further opportunity of speaking to her unheard by the rest of the party before she and the Wendovers got into a cab, and were swung away from the lighted entrance.

"That fellow must have plenty of money if he can chuck it about like that!" was Francis Wendover's ungrateful comment on the evening. He was smoking an excellent cigar at Captain Falconer's expense, and had enjoyed himself unaffectedly, the more so as the outing had cost him only a couple of taxi fares.

The following day, Sunday, was one of confused misery to Caroline. There was church in the morning, but to her relief no luncheon party, and in the afternoon she went to tea with May Sawyer at the Vicarage. She felt she hated the Vicarage and May Sawyer and Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, though none of them, and nothing about them, had altered. She knew that the difference lay within herself. At home she felt listless and weary, irritated with Frankie, and the parrot, and her grandparents, and everything. Aunt Rose and Uncle Francis were beyond reach of her ill-humor, for they had gone on an expedition to a suburb to conclude negotiations with the dame-school selected for Frankie; they only returned in time for the detested "cold spread" that gave the cook her liberty on Sunday nights.

She felt unable to think, even to feel except on the surface. She did not know what had happened to her, could not define the sense of shock that

seemed to have paralyzed her understanding, to have altered her familiar days. She was dimly conscious of what people meant when they said they wanted to "get away from themselves." She could not look forward, and it was torture to look back. . . . Monday, Tuesday, every succeeding day would be equally empty, hopeless, and depressing. She suffered as a child suffers, without question, in resentful yet helpless submission to unhappiness.

But on Monday morning, while Caroline was brushing her hair with mechanical energy, Aunt Rose came into the room, clad in a blue dressing-gown that matched her eyes, holding a letter in her hand.

"Carol," she said kindly, "I've had a letter this morning from Captain Falconer. I want to talk to you about it."

Caroline flushed and quivered. "Please don't," she said.

"My dear girl, don't be a goose. I know something about this affair of yours. I'm not blinder than twenty bats. Don't set your mouth like that, Carol! Why can't you discuss it with me? Probably you have told May Sawyer all about it."

"Indeed, I haven't!" Caroline brushed her hair more violently, till it fluffed and clouded all about her pretty face.

Rose sat down on the bed. "Look here, Carol, Captain Falconer wants to come here to-day, or for us to meet him somewhere——"

"He is going away," came a voice from behind the screen of hair. "He told me so last night. He is going away until he sails for India."

This puzzled Mrs. Wendover, and annoyed her as well. Unaware of what had happened as they were leaving the restaurant on Saturday night, it seemed to her that the girl was wilfully perverse and unreasonable.

"Then you must have misunderstood him," she said rather sharply, "for he has written asking me to arrange a

meeting, that we may talk over the future for you and him."

Caroline sat down abruptly on the chair in front of her dressing-table.

"You talk to him," she said tearfully; "I would rather keep out of it."

"But you are the principal person concerned, Carol—you must hear what he has got to say." Then, as Caroline maintained the silence that was so provoking to her aunt, Rose expostulated crossly. "This is simply hopeless. For goodness' sake, do what the man asks, and let us thrash the whole matter out. He is probably quite willing to give up all his extravagant amusements, and even his very soul, if it will enable him to marry you with any outlook short of starvation for you both. Ways and means must be discussed when matrimony is in question. He asks me to telegraph to him at once to let him know when and where he can see us. What shall I do?"

Caroline, weeping, capitulated. "Do anything you like, Aunt Rose. Whatever you think best."

"Then he'd better come here this afternoon. I must tell Granny to let us have the drawing-room to ourselves."

"But Granny—what will she think?"

"She suspects something in any case," Rose prevaricated lightly. "Leave it to me."

Then she patted Caroline's shoulder, and told her not to cry, and went off to write the telegram. She had to take it out herself to the post-office before breakfast. It was only on such occasions that she compared England unfavorably with India.

In Rose Wendover's words, Granny "played up" when her daughter-in-law expounded the situation. She would be pleased indeed, much as she would miss little Carol, to see her suitably settled, even if there were not much money; and the alarm she had felt over young Mr. Jerrold nourished her approval of Captain Falconer. Sir



James was no obstacle; he was due at a meeting of the Asiatic Society, Francis was safe also at a motor show for the afternoon, and Lady Wendover discreetly went out to pay calls. Everything was easy, and the parlormaid was told to admit no callers, with the exception of Captain Falconer.

Aunt and niece sat silent, expectant, in the big drawing-room. Neither felt inclined to talk. Rose's mood was rather one of critical amusement at the trouble she was giving herself over this odd little adventure, mingled with a keen curiosity as to how Captain Falconer would behave, what he meant to say, and what he would do. His letter had explained little to her beyond the fact that he was anxious for her advice and assistance in the stage at which matters had now arrived between himself and Caroline, and it had ended with the request for this interview with them both.

She watched Caroline, who appeared to be reading, and wondered again why Captain Falconer should have fallen in love with her, apart from the reason of her undoubted prettiness, which yet, to Rose, seemed hardly of the order to beguile such a man into matrimony. She wished she knew what was passing in the girl's mind, though probably Caroline herself could not have told her with any coherence. Just then, perhaps, she was thinking vaguely of the afternoon when she and her grandparents had sat here awaiting the Francis Wendovers' arrival from India—such an absurdly short time ago, and yet, since then, how much had happened to destroy her whole contentment and tranquillity! Now nothing was the same, nothing could ever be the same for her again. She was conscious of a singular depression, of a lack of hope even in the contemplation of the coming interview.

Her heart scarcely stirred when presently Falconer was shown into the

room. He entered smiling, vigorous, self-contained, purposeful, so masculine, so attractive, that Rose herself felt weakly drawn towards him; and, despite her championship of Caroline's cause, she regretted that he should, perhaps, be shackled by a marriage of which he surely soon must tire.

After shaking hands with Mrs. Wendover, he calmly walked up to Caroline and kissed her on the cheek. They might have been engaged for weeks past. She made no response, but Rose observed that her eyes filled with tears. Then he stood with his back to the fireplace and looked down upon aunt and niece. It was clear that he assumed Caroline to have already discussed the whole matter freely with Mrs. Wendover.

"Now we've got to talk business, I suppose," he said ruefully, and his face clouded a little.

"We'd better go straight to the point, then," said Rose. "What do you want to do?"

"I want to marry Carol," he told her—and added with cheerful confidence, "if she'll have me."

Caroline gave a little start, but she did not look up or speak.

"And what would you have to live on?"

"My pay—and"—with a careless laugh—"my debts."

"Then have you nothing of your own?"

"My dear lady, is it likely, considering that my father was also in the Indian Army, my mother's father ditto, and that they have two sons and two daughters besides myself? None of us cost them anything now, but what money they ever had was spent on starting the boys and marrying the girls, and it was all done before they retired. Now they've got their pension clear, and perhaps a couple of thousand pounds to the good."

"And yet you get into debt." Rose

could not refrain from the remark.

"Oh, that'll be all right," he answered lightly; "it's nothing very enormous."

"But you can't marry in debt," she said, and felt sure Carol must hate her, "though no doubt you could get clear sooner if you exchanged into the Native Infantry or some better paid branch of the service."

A flicker of contempt crossed his face.

"Carol will have nothing," went on Rose remorselessly, "except some day her little share of what her grandparents can leave."

"I never expected she would have any money." He gazed with ardor at Caroline shrinking in the corner of the sofa, and added fatuously, "It's Carol I want, not money."

"But you can't keep a wife without it," protested Rose.

"By Jove! Mrs. Wendover," he exclaimed, exasperated, "you are a wet blanket."

"Well, but do look the situation in the face. If you are going to Sir James for permission to marry his granddaughter of course he'll ask you questions. You'd better be prepared with some plan."

She watched his face, and suspected he was thinking of his free, irresponsible manner of life in India. He must be very desperately in love if he were willing to forego it. It must be admitted that Rose was just now considering the man's future, more than that of the girl. She pictured him in poverty-stricken domesticity, engaged in everlasting economies, crippled, blighted, like a dragon-fly with damaged wings. Even as his pay increased his expenses must do so also, and there might be children—and suppose Carol's health broke down? She did not believe his love would stand the test, and then what misery for both!

"Well," she said at last, with an air of having done her duty, "I think I had better leave you two to talk it all over together. Perhaps I've been an unnecessarily wet blanket, but one must consider facts."

She got up. In silence Captain Falconer opened the door for her. "You shan't be disturbed," she said, as she went out.

He shut the door carefully, came back, and held out his arms for Caroline.

To his amazement she did not fly to him. She looked at him with grave entreaty, and shook her head.

"Carol!" he said excitedly. "What's the matter? What do you mean?"

Her lips trembled. "I mean that I am not going to marry you."

He sat down heavily by her side, and seized her hands. "Why do you treat me like this? What have I done? You love me, child, you can't deny it—and you know I love you. I would sacrifice everything in the world for you."

"Yes," she said sadly, "I think you would, and then afterwards you would be sorry. I have been thinking a great deal, and I see that I should be doing something very wrong and very selfish if I let you marry me. I will not do it, Max." Her voice lingered over his name.

He became angry. "This is Mrs. Wendover's work! Why do you allow yourself to be influenced by other people? What does the opinion of anyone else matter to you and me? I won't have any interference, Carol! Do you hear? I can't do without you, and I tell you I won't."

"Oh!" she cried, in sore distress, "nobody has interfered, and I'm not thinking of myself. I know very well I shall be miserable—always. But indeed I mean what I say. I will not marry you."

"It's because of what I said to

you on Saturday night—is it? Tell me!"

"A little, perhaps, but not entirely."

"Oh, Carol!—sweetheart—don't be foolish! I want you more than I can make you understand. I know in some ways I'm a rotter and not half good enough for you. I never believed in love or in women till I met you. Nothing in the world matters to me now but you."

He tried to hold her, but she broke away and stood upright before him.

"You think so now," she said, "but afterwards I should fetter your life. It is not worth while. Some day, perhaps very soon, you will see that I am right. Anyway, it's no use. I have made up my mind."

She stood there sorrowful, yet resolute, determined, and he felt that he was baffled; yet still he tried to move her. He used all the old arts he knew to subjugate and soften her—he caught

her to him violently, he kissed her lips, her hair, her neck; he urged, entreated, ordered, but without avail. He was up against the rock of Caroline's convictions, and her will was proof, her decision unshakable. Then, mortified, furious, wounded in his passion and his pride, he turned upon her, knowing all the while he did her base injustice.

"You are no better than the rest," he said bitterly; "you've had your fun at the expense of my happiness, but when it comes to marriage with a man who has no money you funk it! I hope you'll get the sort of husband you want."

Abruptly, cruelly, he left her. And when he had gone she threw herself upon the sofa in an agony of desolation and despair, yet, still determined, unregretting, since what she had done had been done for the sake of the man she loved.

(To be continued.)

## WATERLOO IN ROMANCE.

Once again, and with no uncertain voice, truth has proclaimed herself stranger than fiction. Fiction, indeed, in a tense time concerned with deeds, not words, naturally dwindles in importance. The successful novelist, but yesterday a king in his own frontierless realm, now gives place meekly to the humble private soldier who can write a brief word from the far-flung battle line. If a year ago it had been prophesied, because these things had come to pass, that the memory of Waterloo would be dwarfed, who would not have smiled incredulous? Yet the Centenary of Waterloo cannot be foremost in our anxious thoughts, and to some of us it even inspires reflections jarring upon our present mood. Was

not a Frenchman then our enemy, a Prussian our ally? Did not bogey "Boney" frighten the naughtiest babies into virtue? Did not Blücher, stalking about the Playing Fields, cause the smallest boy at Eton to receive the doubtful honor of a smacking kiss, as he snatched him up, Etonian dignity and all, in his vast clutch?

What the Centenary might have meant in time of peace it is idle to speculate. Nor is this the place to dwell upon the important fact that our foe was not France but military despotism. Victor Hugo, in his whirlwind of passionate patriotism, could yet justly grasp the essential meaning of a struggle which, viewed by the searchlights of to-day, seems perhaps

something less Titanic than of old. He gives his own answer to his own question:

Etait-il possible que Napoléon gagnât cette bataille? Nous répondrons Non. A cause de Wellington? A cause de Blücher? Non. A cause de Dieu. Il était temps que cet homme vaste tombât. L'excessive pesanteur de cet homme troublait l'équilibre. Cet individu comptait à lui seul plus que le groupe universel.

If the sinister mysteries of the new warfare of submarines and aeroplanes necessarily dominate our minds, we should in common gratitude admit it is largely owing to fiction, though of course even more to poetry, that Waterloo is set evergreen in our fancy, "its colors mellowed, not impaired, by time." It is a rare historian who is able to compass this end alone. We need the Prospero wand of creative art to fix great events in more than bare outline, in order that they may indeed "*flash* upon the inward eye."

1815 was an age of scarlet and steel in a supreme degree appelland to the imagination by its inherent picturesqueness. The literatures of France and England would be alike impoverished, robbed of the inspirations born of Waterloo. To victors and vanquished the subject has been equally fascinating. "The first gentleman in Europe" left no copy, even in manuscript, of his own particular romance of Waterloo. But, nevertheless, the legend dies hard that George the Fourth told his version of the battle story with such frequency he ended by believing that he had been present, and that "He nothing common did or mean, upon that memorable scene."

By rather a curious paradox, the battle appeals most to the beaten, and the historic ball preceding it to the winners. The two events are indissolubly linked. English painters, poets, and novelists will never let us forget

that the Duchess of Richmond asked her friends to dance to cannon music then unparalleled. Had ever storytellers such a subject made to their hands? Their fathers had fought in the Homeric conflict, and they themselves could scarcely know a village without its splendid traditions of a scene such as that described in one vivid paragraph by Mrs. Ewing:

The crowd soon gathered round the "George and Dragon," gaping to see the mail coach dressed with flowers and oak-leaves, and the guard wearing a laurel wreath over and above his royal livery. The ribbons that decked the horses were stained and flecked with the warmth and foam of the pace at which they had come, for they had pressed on with the news of Victory.

Women writers of eminence have almost ignored Waterloo. It was hardly stuff for Jane Austens; even George Eliot's masculine force did not tempt her to confront its difficulties. A single page of *Jackanapes* makes us regret the exquisite reticence of Mrs. Ewing. "There are killed and wounded by war of whom no returns reach Downing Street." "Five-and-thirty British Captains fell that day on the bed of honor, and the Black Captain slept among them." Thackeray need not have disowned this last sentence for what his devotees love to call "the Waterloo chapters" of *Vanity Fair*.

*Wives and Daughters* was a story of 1820, and here Mrs. Gaskell amusingly indicates an attitude of mind in sharp contrast to that born of the compact now sealed in blood of our cordial intention to France. The country gentleman is concerned that his son should desire to meet a French scientist upon whose book he had commented with admiration. "I'd ha' let him alone," said the squire earnestly. "We had to beat 'em, and we did it at Waterloo, but I'd not demean myself by answering any of their lies



if I were you." "I shouldn't like having my daughter so cheek by jowl with a girl who was brought up in the country where Boney was born," was the comment of a matronly neighbor of Squire Hanbury's. She did not, however, mean a slight on Corsica, but on Boulogne. It is curious that Charlotte Brontë, with her intense hero-worship for the Duke of Wellington, was not impelled to use her fiery pen to recreate those imperishable scenes set in the Brussels certainly the birth-place of the real Charlotte. She contented herself instead with comprehending homage to Thackeray, dedicating the second edition of *Jane Eyre* to "the first social regenerator of the day."

Thackeray never surpassed the Waterloo chapters, which do not describe the battle. Half their story is written between the lines. The silver lucidity of style, the restraint, the un-failing intuition of the power of the dead silence, especially admired by Monsieur Cammaerts—these subtleties combine with more obvious merits, creating an atmosphere of absolute reality of which even historic accuracy and faithful realism are not the chief charm. Without disparaging an excellent novel, it is merely necessary to prove this by comparison of the Waterloo ball as attended by Lever's Charles O'Malley, with the same entertainment for which Captain Osborne was enraptured to get a card through the Earl of Bareacres, as a set-off to his costly entertainment of that needy peer and his Countess, graciously described as "a d—d bad dinner, and d—d dear."

Captain O'Malley, forced to sell out of the Army through poverty, had volunteered for the campaign in Belgium, and had been appointed extra aide-de-camp to Sir Thomas Picton. He was hard up, and hard hit by the aristocratic young person he fondly insisted

was the belle of this ball, possibly because he was not introduced to one who was to be later acclaimed a social queen in Paris itself. Lucy Dashwood, in her "circle of diamonds," could have been no rival to the scintillating Mrs. Rawdon Crawley in her pink toilet, though the latter might have exclaimed at the impropriety of a mere *jeune fille* appearing in family diamonds when she herself had none. As to love-lorn Charles, he would have been far too insignificant a partner for her in her triumph. "Into this entrancing whirlwind of passion and of pleasure, of all that is lovely in woman and chivalrous in man, I brought a heart which, young in years, was yet tempered by disappointment." We now know the ball took place in rather a ramshackle hired room behind a stable, which makes Captain O'Malley's artificialities yet more incongruous. Lever, for once, left his delightful sense of fun in the cloak-room. Charles, Lucy, and the rest mount upon stilts, perpetrating Mrs. Malaprop's own "nice derangement of epitaphs." The single probable remark comes from the Duke of Wellington himself: "Know your face well. How d'ye do?" Thus he might have addressed Captain Dobbin, who had probably served under him in India.

Our *Vanity Fair* friends, meanwhile, remain living men and women, instead of clothes-pegs for high-stocked uniforms and short skirts.

A certain ball which a noble Duchess gave on the 15th of June . . . is historical. All Brussels had been in a state of excitement about it, and I have heard from ladies who were in that town at the period that the talk and interest of persons of their own sex regarding the ball was much greater even than in respect to the enemy at their front. The struggles, intrigues, and prayers to get tickets were such as only English ladies will employ to get admitted to the society

of the great of their own nation. Jos and Mrs. O'Dowd, who were panting to be asked, strove in vain—

to the immense advantage of good Major O'Dowd, whose Peggy was thus able to give him a comfortable cup of coffee when she "called him at 1.30 A.M." in her "curl-papers," instead of sporting her turban and Bird of Paradise plumes, her "knowing set of calngorms and Irish diamonds," among the smart set.

Wretched little Amelia's "appearance was an utter failure (as her husband felt with a sort of rage)."

Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's *début* was, on the contrary, very brilliant. She arrived very late. Her face was radiant, her dress perfection. In the midst of the great persons assembled, the eye-glasses directed to her, Rebecca seemed as cool and collected as when she used to marshal Miss Pinkerton's little girls to church. . . . She vowed it was a delightful ball; that there was everyone one knew, and only a few nobodies.

It was no wonder she enjoyed herself in the congenial task of breaking Amelia's heart, and turning poor, foolish George's head. Without one mention of the eminent folks present, without any high-falutin about "fair women and brave men," Thackeray gives us an absolute impression of actuality. Amelia's own tiny, pitiful tragedy is woven inextricably with the nearing tragedy of Napoleon's downfall.

George gave Rebecca back her bouquet, where "lay a note coiled like a snake among the flowers"; then, wild with elation, went off to a play table and began to bet frantically. He won repeatedly. "Everything succeeds with me to-night," he said. But his luck at play even did not cure him of his restlessness, and he started up after a while, pocketing his winnings, and went to a buffet, where he drank off many bumpers of wine. Here, as he was rattling away to the people

around, laughing loudly, wild with spirits, Dobbin found his friend. . . .

"Hullo, Dob! Come and drink, old Dob! The Duke's wine is famous. Give me some more, you sir," and he held out a trembling hand for the liquor. "Come out, George," said Dobbin, still gravely. "Don't drink." "Drink! There's nothing like it. Drink yourself, and light up your lantern jaws, old boy. Here's to you!" Dobbin went up and whispered something to him, at which George, with a start and a wild hurray, tossed off his glass and walked away speedily on his friend's arm. "The enemy has crossed the Sambre," William said, "and our left is already engaged. Come away. We are to march in three hours."

Away went George, his nerves quivering with excitement at the news so long looked for, so sudden when it came. What were love and intrigue now? . . . Oh, how he wished the night's work undone! and that with a clear conscience at least he might say farewell to the tender and guileless being by whose love he had set such little store. . . . Hope, remorse, ambition, tenderness, and selfish regret filled his heart.

He had let Amelia go away from the ball with chivalrous Dobbin in her silent agony of justifiable jealousy. He came back and

bent over the pillow noiselessly towards the gentle pale face. Two fair arms closed tenderly round his neck as he stooped down. "I am awake, George," the poor child said, with a sob fit to break the little heart that nestled so closely by his own. She was awake, and to what? At that moment a bugle from the Place of Arms began sounding clearly, and was taken up through the town, and amidst the drums of the infantry and the shrill pipes of the Scotch the whole city awoke.

Mr. Hichens, when he ably dramatized a part of the career of Becky Sharp, drew the curtain across that parting scene. His silence showed a delicate perception of its poignant

beauty. Two quite commonplace, faulty young people saying good-bye, types of tens of thousands yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Plainly Thackeray was of one mind with Mrs. Browning, who knew the worst was not for those of whom it can be said:

You flash your soul out with the  
guns,  
And take your Heaven at once.

The sun was just rising as the march began. It was a gallant sight. The band led the column, playing the regimental march; then came the Major in command, riding upon Pyramus, his stout charger.

For, by a truly Thackerayan touch, Colonel Heavitop had gout, and was "mad because he could not go."

Then marched the grenadiers, their captain at their head; in the centre were the colors, borne by the senior and junior Ensigns; then George came marching at the head of his company. He looked up and smiled at Amelia, and passed on; and even the sound of the music died away.

The glittering sunbeams flashing upon gold lace and warm crimson, the enheartening music. It is strangely unlike those other departures in grim silence, in plain khaki, in mud, fog, and chilling winter rain. Yet, if Thackeray could return, he would be the first to wish to make us realize that change in the temper of the British Army there is none.

No one needs to be reminded of the wit, satire, and humanity of what follows in *Vanity Fair*. Jos Sedley at first found comfort in potvallancy, until Isidor, his valet, proved a Job's comforter regarding Napoleon by quoting his own words:

"The Prussians were three to one at Jena, and he took their army and kingdom in a week. They were six to one at Montmirail, and he scattered them like sheep."

"We of peaceful London city have never beheld — and, please God, never

shall witness — such a scene of hurry and alarm as that which Brussels presented," is a prayer we shall re-literate soberly enough in this year of Centenary. Becky, selling her horses, making her bitter jests, and sewing her jewels into her gown, was perfectly serene in her selfishness. "If the French do come, what can they do to a poor officer's widow? Bah! the times of sacks and sieges are over." She could sleep calmly, and "perhaps dream of becoming Madame la Maréchale," whilst the guns of Waterloo thundered in her ears. There is a lower courage born of callous egotism which may yet serve its ignoble purpose in a crisis.

All that day, from morning to past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden. . . . All of us have read what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth. All our friends took their share and fought like men on that great day.

The brief phrase is eloquent, and it only needs a few lines to complete its familiar spell.

The columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of St. Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height they had maintained all day, and in spite of all; unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line, the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to waver and falter. Then it stopped still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled. No more fighting was heard at Brussels; the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

The rest is silence.

To revert to *Charles O'Malley* is to perceive the book to possess one singularly interesting point. For it underlines its author's faith in an ultimate good understanding between hereditary enemies with a persistency altogether surprising at the date at which it was written. Thackeray had much affection for France and things French. Yet he doubted the healing of the old sore. The current cartoon of Napoleon rising from his stately tomb with a cry of "*Vive l'Angleterre!*" could never have entered his most fantastic vision of the future. But Charles Lever, who became intimate with many of the Napoleonic veterans stranded dolefully at Spa, reflected his friendly personal sentiment when he showed us Captain O'Malley treated extremely well as a prisoner of war. His inevitable interview with the Emperor is given quite an air of probability, and his escape, aided by a man he had befriended in the Peninsula, has parallels in history.

Lever dedicated *Tom Burke* to Maria Edgeworth, modestly calling it what it was not: "A weak attempt to depict the military life of France." He might have claimed for *Charles O'Malley* that it was in places a strong one. Charles, with his customary ill-luck, did not get a chance to fight at Waterloo. But he did the next best thing, for he "surveyed the scene from rising ground," with a French guide pointing out the positions with a somewhat exasperating certainty of absolute annihilation for the Allies. The battle is, on the whole, well described, if quite without the grandeur inseparable from Victor Hugo's rolling periods.

It was a fair stand-up fight. It was the mighty tournament, not only of the two greatest nations, but the two deadliest enemies, led on by the two greatest military geniuses the world has ever seen or, it may be, ever will see.

The heroic story of the death of

Picton is told with pardonable Irish enthusiasm. Then comes a time when at last a doubt of victory was breaking upon the minds of those who never before in the most adverse hour of fortune deemed *his* star could set who led them on to glory.

Lever had a fine natural military ardor, and if Captain O'Malley was a dull dog in a ball-room, depressed by the obstacles to the success of his *grande passion*, he was admirably cheerful in action.

Wisely recognizing that even he had limitations, Dickens set his Waterloo in but one short sketch, though he perhaps risked being claimed as an apostle of German "Kultur" by using "Vell, my Prooshian Blue," as a term of affection between the immortal Wellers. The tales of the "Seven Poor Travellers" are scarcely masterpieces. To some of us this strengthens a current belief they are in part the work of collaborators in the Crimean Christmas Number of *All the Year Round*. But of the chronicle of Private Richard Doubledick, Mr. Henry Dickens himself attests: "My father wrote every word of it." Doubledick saw the man for whom he would gladly have died fall at Badajos, and "followed the old colors" in vengeful quest of the French officer who had struck him down.

He followed them, so scarred and pierced now they would hardly hold together, to Quatre Bras and Ligny. He stood beside them in an awful stillness of many men through the mist and drizzle of a wet June forenoon, on the field of Waterloo.

His adventures, after he was picked up wounded and unconscious, lack verisimilitude. He is no such soldier as the matchless Bailey Junior might have made had he realized his dream of a military career. The last words have, however, a strangely modern touch:

Here I ended my story as the First



Poor Traveller. But if I had told it now I might have added that the time has since come when Major Richard Doubledick and the sons of that French officer, friends as their fathers became before them, fought side by side in one cause, with their respective nations, like long-divided brothers whom the better times have brought together fast united.

Mr. Thomas Hardy waited for the inspiration of *The Dynasts* before setting his thoughts of Waterloo in sonorous, rugged blank verse, and did not, like Victor Hugo, seek victory with equal confidence in poetry and prose upon the historic plain. Thackeray followed his conquest in *Vanity Fair* by just one martial tap in his spirited ballad *The Tale of the Drum*. But Waterloo offers a fine instance of the justness of Tennyson's homage to Swinburne's literary idol, if the drama wherein Victor Hugo lamented was but a monologue.

The spacious imagination of this great Frenchman was forever haunted by the defeat he reviews with a sharp anguish of soul. In his wonderful novel *Les Misérables* Waterloo is the dominant motive, and it recurs with the persistency of the motive note of a fugue of Bach. He can never forget it for long. It broods over his broad page like some dark bird of ill-omen. Victor Hugo alone, perhaps, among novelists sees Waterloo as an entity. His grasp of his tremendous subject is the secure grip of one who "sees it whole." It is not his Colonel Pontmercy upon whom our attention is riveted. It is the *ensemble* of the end of an epoch, not its mere details, of which he sets out to create an abiding impression.

"1815 comme les suprêmes désastres étaient dans l'air, comme la France avait le frisson de leur approche sinistre." He makes us feel the shudder of apprehension throughout the endless divagations of his epic. Yet, de-

spite his despair, Victor Hugo was a generous enemy in all respects save one—his hatred for the Duke of Wellington. He lingers long over the soothing hypothesis that a rainy June won Waterloo for England. He cheats his fancy with a dream of the might-have-been of superior French artillery upon unswamped fields.

Wellington n'avait que cent cinquante-neuf bouches à feu, Napoléon en avait deux cent quarante. Supposez la terre sèche, l'artillerie pouvant rouler, l'action commençant à six heures du matin. La bataille gagnée et finie à deux heures, trois heures avant la péripétie Prussienne.

Napoléon était un de ces génies d'où sort le tonnerre,

is a culminating note of admiration in fierce contrast to the grudging admissions as to the qualities of him he satirically concedes to be "le plus grand des Arthurs."

After the imposing comment that "Pour peindre la bataille il faut de ces puissants peintres qui aient du Chaos dans le pinceau," he calms down to describe Wellington:

In quiet mais impassable. Il était à cheval et y demeura toute la journée dans la même attitude. . . . Wellington fut là, froidement héroïque. . . . Waterloo est une bataille du premier ordre gagnée par un capitaine du second.

If Victor Hugo is petty in carping at his conqueror, he makes some amends by his hearty enthusiasm for his army. "L'iron soldat vaut bien l'iron Duke," is his opinion. He can say with sorrowful truth of the dauntless Imperial Guard at the supreme moment, "Pas un homme ne manqua au suicide," and we should be the last to grudge the brave dead their bloodstained laurel. Yet his natural pride in the valor of his compatriots does not distort his view of foemen he felt to be worthy of their steel.

He gives a lengthy, and, it is said,

accurate account of the taking of Hougoumont, underlining this with characteristic breadth of view. Speaking of the farmyard most of us have visited with a stir of complex emotions, he says:

Voilà cette cour, dont la conquête fut un rêve de Napoléon. Ce coin de terre s'il eût pu le prendre lui eût peut-être donné le monde. . . . Les Anglais là ont été admirables. Les quatre compagnies des gardes de Cooke y ont tenu tête pendant sept heures à l'acharnement d'une armée.

It may well be reiterated that if Napoleon lost Waterloo in fact, Victor Hugo won it in fiction. Erckmann-Chatrian's poor attempts to give us some idea of the memorable episode of the hollow road of Ohain pale beside the magnificence of one of the acclaimed masterpieces of French prose. Victor Hugo possessed in a supreme degree the rare art of giving a sombre splendor to disaster. We are glad to-day that it was not the English he accused when he insisted "La victoire s'acheva par l'assassinat des vaincus. Le vieux Blücher se déshonora."

Page after page of the Waterloo section of *Les Misérables* is irradiated by flashes of genius. There are few passages in imaginative literature surpassing in lurid horror that showing the vile spy Thénardier prowling about the battlefield at midnight, robbing the dead and dying unafraid. We honor the manly grief wringing from the heart of the poet the bitter cry "Pour la France toute cette plaine est sépulchre." For a hundred years past its poppies have bloomed in battalions of serried scarlet, or in symbolic thin red lines. They will come back this time to set an "in memoriam" wreath above the enemies of once upon a time, from whose graves below the golden corn they spring. For in their death they were not divided.

It is curious to pass from the pot-pourri of sublimities androdomontades of Victor Hugo to the commonplace of the prosperous collaborators hyphenated in a world-wide popularity as Erckmann-Chatrian. A discerning critic said lately of their prolific stories: "It is wonderful how they persist in the memory, how tenacious are their outlines." It is also wonderful that most of us liked them even when they were used for lesson-books. They have an engaging honesty and wholesomeness, an air of truth which made them capture and retain the fickle favor of the reading public. If *Le Conscriit* is possibly the high-water mark of achievement, it is naturally *Waterloo*, its creditable sequel, which attracts present attention. It is the plain tale of a typical Alsatian *petit bourgeois*; a man who candidly owned he loved his wife better than his Emperor, and did his duty alike without flinching and without enthusiasm. His was not the spirit of the more heroic of Heine's Two Grenadiers. It would never have occurred to him to regard it as preferable that his children should beg than that Napoleon should be in St. Helena "dans la cage où l'exilent les rois."

This *Waterloo* might be described as a low-toned *avant-coureur* of Zola's *Débâcle*, with a soberer realism and a less *macabre* insistence upon whatsoever things are hideous. The ex-conscrip goes to war with a dull resignation without a touch of cowardice.

C'est contraire au bon sens de s'obstiner dans une entreprise pareille [he reflects]. Des hommes . . . sous une pluie battante, grelottant de froid, songeant à massacrer leurs semblables et bien heureux d'avoir un navet pour soutenir un peu leur force. Est-ce que

<sup>1</sup> Captain Battine, in the June number of this Review, expressed a forcible opinion that the right way to celebrate our Centenary of Waterloo is by the introduction of conscription. That *Le Conscriit* and his comrades made such excellent soldiers, is rather a valuable support for an opinion concerning which there will always be widely divergent views. They did not like fighting, as they candidly admitted, yet they fought well.

c'est la vie d'honnêtes gens? Est-ce que ce n'est pas une véritable abomination de penser qu'un roi, un empereur, au lieu de surveiller les affaires de son pays, vienne nous réduire par centaines à cet état? Je sais bien qu'on appelle cela de la gloire; mais les peuples sont bien bêtes à glorifier des gens pareils.

This estimate of the fundamental basis of the Napoleonic legend was hardly likely to find favor in high places, although even during the second Empire *Majestätsbeleidigung* was not punished as if Paris had been Berlin. But it is not surprising to learn that the first work for the stage of the frank writers of *Le Juif Polonais* was censored. The bourgeois hero of *Waterloo* is a brave man who also had the more unusual courage of his opinions. He used his sword with energy when necessity compelled, but he thought it no shame to say he was thankful to hang it up. He had been beaten, but he had done his best, and that nothing more was possible was his philosophic comfort. He tells the unvarnished tale of his *Waterloo* without the slightest ambition to appear the gaudy *jeune premier* he was not. He describes, indeed, his undistinguished share in the battle with the cool modesty of a British soldier on short leave from the trenches.

"Plusieurs racontent que nous étions tout réjouis, et que nous chantions. C'est faux," he insists tersely. He wishes to disillusionize the readers of his autobiography about war, and he possibly succeeds. Marching without rations and sleeping in water was not an incentive to song. The rain of *Waterloo* once again ranks as an important asset, though this warrior wastes no time in theorizing over its results regarding the issue of the struggle. He speaks with temperate admiration of his opponents, and is clearly struck by their cleanliness.

"Je vis pour la première fois les Anglais, qui sont des gens solides, blancs, bien rasés comme de bons bourgeois." "Le Conscriit" was evidently nearly ripe for an *entente cordiale*, for his ideal—the ideal man of all the Erckmann-Chatrian series—is the "bon bourgeois."

If the bald description of the hollow road cannot move us to admiration, there is an air of fidelity convincingly investing the abundant details of the countless small events gradually tending to one conclusion, astounding to the worshippers of "Père la Violette." Page after page deals with the retreat of the French, until we hear the very tramp of the broken army passing upon its forlorn journey homeward. "Tout le monde croyait que l'Empereur était mort avec la vieille garde," says the phlegmatic Alsatian, with his face set indomitably towards the cozy little town of the succulent meals, the good wine, and the loving spouse, plump presiding genius of a well-filled store cupboard rich in homely delicacies.

The figure of this ragged survivor of the disaster is human and convincing. That there is a kind heart beating beneath the war-solled uniform is constantly evident; best in his pitying comments upon the miserable plight of the women camp followers, for whom no thought is taken in a disorderly *saute qui peut*. Erckmann-Chatrian do not exhaust their brains like Victor Hugo in visions splendid of impossibilities. They were the first to realize the intrinsic interest of clearly presenting the point of view of an ordinary obscure soldier, and they achieved remarkable success because this standpoint then had the recommendation of entire novelty. War was a romance when they began to study the reverse of the medal. Lever, Marryat, and Grant ought to have found an English word for "*La Panache*," the goddess at whose beflagged shrine they burnt

much pleasant-scented incense. Dumas managed it all infinitely better in France, and we hastened him to cross the Channel, even in a badly fitting English-made suit.

Erckmann - Chatrian never showed their complete divergence from all accepted models more surely than when they deliberately labelled a long novel with the hated name of a French defeat. They did not make the least effort to bury the Grande Armée in the grave-clothes of imperial purple folded reverently about its bullet-riddled corpse by the hand of Victor Hugo. They did something different, and not useless, for they founded a new school of military fiction giving us more than *Soldiers Three*. And he whom we know and like as "Le Conscrit" reaches a sane conclusion at the close of his Waterloo campaign:

Dans deux mille ans on dira que Paris a été pris par les Prussiens et les Anglais; c'est une honte éternelle, mais ce n'est pas notre faute.

To open *La Chartreuse de Parme* is first to wonder with a yawn how such a tedious novel ever made a reputation, and then thoroughly to enjoy one of its too numerous chapters. It may be claimed for Stendhal that his is the most bizarre of all the Waterloos of fiction. Greatly daring, he links very probable paradoxes and absurdities with something all other Frenchmen approach with reverence or pain. His Fabrice is one of Napoleon's many Italian admirers, but he is not sentimental over it. Bored at home, he runs away at sixteen on the time-honored quest for adventure, easily found in 1815. He fell in with the French army, and assumed the uniform of a dead soldier with a "more than mortal calm." He was imprisoned as a spy, and he was nearly shot. He was a sort of knight-errant on the fringe of the conflict, and was, indeed, quaintly uncertain whether he got there at all.

"Ceci, c'est la première fois que j'assiste à la bataille," dit-il enfin au maréchal des logis, "mais ceci est-ce une véritable bataille?"

Of the countless questions asked concerning Waterloo, this strikes civilians as the oddest, and modern soldiers as the most rational even in these days of concentrated fighting. Fabrice is such a jolly boy that he ought to have made a better man. His first Waterloo friends are some homely, portly *vivandières* and *cantinières*, middle-aged and practical. There is no glamour about these worthy women, but a refreshing kindness and helpfulness. The pretty lad, in boots far too big for him, is regarded with womanly sympathy and curiosity.

"Ainsi tu n'es même pas conscrit, pauvre petit, tu vas être tué tout de suite." "Donc," se dit Fabrice, "je vais voir si je suis un lâche."

Stendhal draws a really fine portrait of Ney, the "bravest of the brave," and Fabrice interpolates his self-communings. He is tranquilly pleased and naively surprised to find he is not frightened.

"Ah, m'y voilà donc enfin au feu," dit-il. "J'ai vu le feu," se répétait-il avec satisfaction; "me voici un vrai militaire."

Fabrice, if he was scared at first by a ghastly array of dead bodies, was not in the least afraid of a live enemy sheltered behind a tree. He obeys orders with a success highly gratifying to himself, for he kills his big Prussian.

"Tu a tué le tien," lui dit le caporal. "Malgré ton air cornichon, tu as bien gagné ta journée."

Fabrice emerges safe and sound from his mad escapade, and watches the dissolution of the Grande Armée with his usual stoicism.

"Ces gens qui se sauvent par la grande route ont l'air d'un troupeau de moutons. Ils marchent comme des moutons effrayés."



Stendhal's odd Waterloo at least conveys the confusion of a great struggle, with the very actors in the drama uncertain as to the results of their own exits and entrances. To Fabrice a debt of gratitude is owed for showing us the part the handful of women played before the merciful sign of the Cross shone upon a single sleeve.

Even a brief glance at but a few of these Waterloos of fancy gives food for thought. The memory of the share of England in the glory of that June day is set like a fixed star in the heaven of her great deeds. It has been mistakenly said that the Centenary of Waterloo would revive the old bitterness between ourselves and what to Shakespeare was our "fair enemy" France. By a beautiful coincidence, it was an event upon the very threshold of the War which gave the lie to such a thought. For a band of Englishmen and Frenchmen — chiefly members of the Society of "L'Entente Cordiale" — met together near the wind-swept North Road, where the vanished Norman Cross once echoed with the sorrowful sighings of the prisoners. They met to unveil a memorial, crowned with Napoleon's own eagle, to mark where those of his soldiers and sailors who had died in exile slept their last sleep. The old hatreds seemed to be buried far more deeply on that sunny July afternoon, with no menace of the gathering storm in its blue skies. It was a circumstance full of deep and serious meaning, for only a few days later France, in her hour of peril, looked to us as to faithful allies, and did not look in vain, and among the earliest volunteers was the designer of that eagle.

If the novelist feels that there is to-day only a melancholy irony in Lytton's bombastic insistence that "the

The Nineteenth Century and After.

pen is mightier than the sword," his humbler recognition of his own place cannot harm him. And his time will come, as it has always come. We shall have need of him to do his share in helping us to make it clear to the generations that are to come, how once again, and not in "splendid isolation," we armed against the dragon of Militarism. The superficial observer insists that the romance of war has vanished with its pomp and circumstance. It is a false conclusion. The naked truths of a war for high ideals are things exquisite in their clear-cut beauty of outline. The bright eyes of danger flash and sparkle as of old, as they meet the burning glance of chivalrous youth. Science herself, unless degraded by Kultur, puts on her armor to prove her power, not as the queen of what detractors would have us believe is "le pays désert du rêve inachevé." She goes forth as an Amazon leader of her armies of the air and of the sea, and her lovers follow with an ardor we await the magic of genius to make us fully comprehend. Was ever such a heroine as this who guides the aeroplane or floats mermaid-like beneath the waves of Britannia's own realm?

Imaginative art has helped in the making of the glowing traditions of Waterloo. With uncleanness and triviality swept from our midst by the "rushing mighty wind" of a righteous cause, there may indeed be born a race of futurists in creative art beside whom our giants will look pygmies. Victor Hugo calls to us to "dip our pencil in Chaos if we would paint a battle." We have a Chaos close beside us, amidst millions closing in a death struggle.

Lillian Rowland-Brown  
(Rowland Grey).

## MYSTICISM IN VERSE.

POEMS OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Done into English verse by Barnard Miall. (Methuen & Co., Ltd.)

The word "mystic" like the word "spiritual" by no means conveys what it is intended to convey. Yet, as George Meredith pointed out, our language is so meagre in its prose, and so stuttering in its poetic speech, that one is forced to use such words to adumbrate a far larger meaning. A "mystic" then—and, of course, the word is used in a literary sense here—is, broadly speaking, a writer, whether in prose or verse, who sees to some extent behind appearances; who is not content to accept the human eye and ear as an infallible test of what really is, but rather—if one may go so far—one who suggests that these physical organs are rather a bar and a hindrance to a deeper and more real hearing and sight. Maurice Maeterlinck is, then, though he has other sides to his genius, primarily a mystic. In a letter written the other day to a London newspaper he ascribes the hatching of the present war not to Germany's longings for world-power only, or to the attempt of a cramped population to break free and find ampler room on other soil, but to the machinations of vast powers making for evil and beyond the consciousness of man. For placing on the stage this conception the present writer has been derided and charged with fantastic exaggeration. None the less, he believes that Maeterlinck's conception is the real one and his own opening of the war in hell is justified ethically as well as dramatically.

The times are such that *The Poetry Review*, which would have liked to devote an ample, and even then inadequate, space to this volume, is compelled to circumscribe its remarks.

We would select for the attention of our readers the poem "The Hot-house." Those who can read behind this vivid verse will feel perhaps something intangible and rather illustrating the truth of what has been said about this poet. Take the ending:

Behold it all by moonlight!

(Nothing, nothing is in its rightful place!)

And you think of a mad woman haled before the judges,

A warship in full sail on the waters of a canal,

Birds of the night perched among lilies,

And the knell of a passing bell at the midday hour of Angelus.

And yonder beneath those domes of glass—

A group of sick folk halted amid the meadows,

An odor of ether abroad on the sunny air!

My God, my God, when shall we feel the rain,

And the snow and the wind in this close house of glass?

There is something here strongly reminiscent of Whitman at his best, but how far this may be due to the free metre of the translator the present writer is in no position to judge.

The poem, however, which makes the strongest appeal is one called "Glances," and here again the Whitman form is, if possible, more evident. Listen to this:

And how pitiful are all those glances which suffer because they are not elsewhere!

And so much suffering, so indistinguishable and yet so various!

And those glances which no one will ever understand!

And those poor glances which are all but dumb!

And those poor whispering glances!

And those poor stifled glances!

But perhaps a more "Mystic" lyric is here:

Her lover went his way  
(I heard the gate),  
Her lover went his way;  
Yet she was gay.

When he came again  
(I heard the camp)  
When he came again  
Another made the twain.

And the dead I met  
(I heard her spirit cry)  
And the dead I met;  
She who waits him yet.

At a time of stress, of fury, and apparent triumph of the mechanical and the brutal the verse of Maeterlinck is not merely an antidote, it has the softness of wisdom.

S. P.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE. Two Volumes. (Rider & Son. 21s. net.)

There is a real pomp together with an austere dignity about the work of Mr. Waite which makes it fitting that his poems should be issued in fine and handsomely-printed volumes. Mr. Waite is well known as a scholarly student of mysticism, and would, we fancy, prefer to be counted as a teacher rather than an artist; from the year 1886 to 1907 he issued various volumes of verse, which have been welcomed by many connoisseurs. In his poems is very often a real magnificence both of phrase and thought, and no careless or imperfect line; as Tennyson used to express it, he has an instinct for the word. This uniform careful accomplishment is very uncommon, and is enough by itself to make these volumes memorable. The didactic or at any rate the dogmatic note is a little too insistent, and one feels that a higher poetry and a more profound truth might come from a less elaborate and coherent symbolism. Every artist

uses symbols by which he fulfils his most important duty of discovering and portraying the varied beauty and meaning of the world. Sometimes by his symbols he actually creates a beauty of which, perhaps, he is himself not fully aware. But should a symbol become too definite and coherent, it will usually lose in beauty and in truth, partly because it lacks spontaneity and allows the method to be seen in the finished work. Mr. Waite's power comes from his unquestioning belief and his absolute sincerity, he never poses; but he would be a greater artist and possibly a greater teacher if he had allowed his imagination more freedom. The poetry is divided into two volumes, Vol. 1 consists of short poems which are grouped together under inclusive titles in order to show their connection, and the inner thread of meaning. Many readers will be content with their own interpretations, and will get pleasure in tracing out the elaborate ritual, noting as they pass along the beauty of detail, and discovering some deeper truths. But complete understanding and full enjoyment can only come from entering into the mind of a teacher or artist, and in the case before us the prose expositions given in the contents are an essential part of the book and must, therefore, be read.

But when all is said, it remains true that those who cannot accept (some even who are repelled by) the author's vision of the Universe, will find something that will appeal to them.

We have but little space for quotations, and must be content with one poem:

FLIGHT.

I soothed a bird with a broken limb—  
Why does a rose so sweetly smell?  
Bright were the eyes and the plumes  
of him:  
O heart beat softer!—  
Thou canst not tell.

Safe in a bower he was set to rest—  
*What is the secret of beauty's spell?*  
 He was wooed to health in a lichen  
 nest

O sweet bird singer!—  
*Thou canst not tell.*

The bird flew out through a door  
 ajar—

*Where flies the soul with the passing  
 bell?*

Rich sounds his song at the evening  
 star:

O voice of freedom!—  
*Thou canst not tell.*

But why the rose has a scent so  
 sweet—

And where all the secrets of beauty  
 dwell—

When souls go up from this dim  
 retreat

Through gates left open—  
*The souls shall tell.*

The sequence called "The Poor Brother's Mass Book" concludes Volume 1. It belongs to the more exclusively mystical work of the author. The proper treatment of his mystical work and doctrine would require a separate article.

It is sufficient to say here that in these poems and the second volume which contains work written in the dramatic form Mr. Waite is seen at his best, because in them he is expressing his most intimate and cherished thoughts. The two dramas, the "Morality of the Lost Word" and the "Further Side of the Portal," cannot be called plays, because the story is of no importance, and is merely used as the vehicle of thought. "The Soul's Comedy" is a real story dealing with living human beings, and contains some of the author's best work. The tale here told of human sorrow, fight and ultimate victory, with its many touching and beautiful scenes, shows genuine poetic power. The story is essentially horrible and curiously perverse, yet because the different persons act in strict accordance with

their character and their creed, as a work of art it gives satisfaction. Many will find in the conduct of the various characters much which will kindle controversy and strong opposition, but if the reader can forget his disagreement and clearly visualize the author's meaning, he will acknowledge that he is reading a real tragedy which the author with a whimsical irony has christened "A Soul's Comedy." Many readers of these two volumes who feel with the author "that God is always speaking" will acknowledge that he has helped them to listen and partly to understand.

Austin H. Johnson.

WILLIAM BLAKE: POET AND MYSTIC.  
 By P. Berger, LL.D., Professor of  
 English, Bordeaux. (Chapman &  
 Hall, 15s.)

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers who were before us. The author of *William Blake: Poet and Mystic* is a worthy son who brings a full meed of praise and thanksgiving in this sympathetic study of a man who, in the words of a splendid brother-poet, was "the single Englishman of supreme and simple poetic genius born before the closing years of the eighteenth century . . . a man perfect in his way, and beautifully unfit for walking in the way of any other man." Mr. Berger has written a most fascinating book which has been beautifully translated, and it will be a mine of precious treasure to those who know and love Blake, and should be a beautiful awakening to those who do not—who are, alas! in the great majority. Blake was born in 1757, in a rationalistic age, when, as Swinburne says, "we not only had no poetry, a thing which was bearable, but had verse in plenty, a thing which was not in the least bearable." Into this age of reason came Blake, a being compound of mist and fire, a poet who



has never been surpassed in visionary power, "whose system rests upon the destruction of two principles, that of the evidence of our senses, and that of reliance upon human reason." Blake regarded the eye merely as a window to be looked through. Those who accept visual perception as it appears to us are men of "single vision" from which "may God us keep."

Before my way  
A frowning Thistle implores my stay.

For double the vision my eyes do see,  
And a double vision is always with me.

With my inward eye, 'tis an old man  
gray;

With my outward, a Thistle across my  
way.

Blake saw visions all his life; he began at the age of four, and at fourteen refused to be apprenticed to a man because he looked as if he were going to be hanged—which he was ten years afterwards. To him the lightning was the sigh of an angel king and the sun was a flight of seraphim. He touched the sky with his stick, and saw Ezekiel walking in his garden, so the world dismissed him as mad. But outside the realm of reason we may believe all things; in his own words "It is not the same as it shall be when we know more"; and Blake knew more.

"The two chief characteristics of Blake's poetry are: for its inspiration—mysticism; for its expression, symbolism. They constitute his originality, and are the source of his greatness, and also of his defects." Mr. Berger shows us how gradually he got weighed down by symbolism and in the end ceased to speak our tongue, but before the clouds quite from sight received him he gave us some of the most beautiful poems in the English language. This is a perfect little poem:

Never seek to tell thy love  
Love that never told can be;  
For the gentle wind does move  
Silently invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,  
I told her all my heart;  
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears,  
Ah! she doth depart.

Soon as she was gone from me,  
A traveller came by,  
Silently, invisibly:  
He took her with a sigh.

Mysticism has the effect of destroying personal love, and there is no passion in Blake's poetry. But it increases the feeling of fellowship with all created beings, and Blake's work is full of this feeling. His love has as its object, not only man, but all creatures, animals, even all plants and stones. No foot must crush the humble worm which is a new-born infant:

Art thou a worm, image of weakness?  
art thou but a worm?

I see thee like an infant, wrapped in  
the lily's leaf.

Ah! weep not, little voice; thou canst  
not speak, but thou canst weep!  
Is this a worm? I see thee lie helpless  
and naked, weeping

And none to answer, none to cherish  
thee with mother's smiles.

His soul is one with the soul of all  
creatures. His immense sympathy is  
like God's.

And can He who smiles on all  
Hear the wren with sorrows small,  
Hear the small bird's grief and care,  
Hear the woes that infants bear;

And not sit beside the nest  
Pouring pity in their breast;  
And not sit the cradle near,  
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day  
Wiping all our tears away?  
O, no! never can it be!  
Never, never can it be!

Blake was not a religious mystic in any sense of the word; his morality as set forth in his poems is very astonishing, although he led a pure and

blameless life and was a good husband, son and brother. His first principle of morality was "all restriction is evil." Priests, like kings, are tyrants. They stifle the desires of men, and for them Blake has nothing but hard words.

I went to the Garden of Love,

And saw what I never had seen:

A chapel was built in the midst,

Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,

And "Thou shalt not" writ over the door;

So I turned to the Garden of Love

That so many sweet flowers bore;

And I saw it was filled with graves,

And tomb-stones where flowers should be:

And Priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,

And binding with briars my joys and desires.

This murdering of joys and desires, whose graves can be seen all round us, is the great evil of our world. How can a man work when the infinite energies that are in him are chained down and destroyed? To live above control was the ideal of Blake's Christianity. In the space of a short review we cannot embark on the windy sea of the Prophetic Books. Mr. Berger lovingly expounds Blake's evangel, and a very difficult gospel it is: we prefer to linger, as Mr. Berger himself loves to linger, in the enchanted garden of "The Songs of Innocence." "The whole volume is informed with joy and childish happiness, a radiant vision of nature and the open country, filled with the freshness of all things that live in innocence and rejoice to be alive. The poet has become one of those children whom Jesus took up in his arms and blessed. He has entered with them into the Kingdom of God; and with childish purity of soul, he sings of the

happy beings who dwell there. . . . He indicates the general character of his poems in the vision, which forms the prologue of the book, a prelude full of grace and joyous harmony."

Piping down the valleys wild,

Piping songs of pleasant glee,

On a cloud I saw a child,

And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"

So I piped with merry cheer.

"Piper, pipe that song again;"

So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;

Sing thy songs of merry cheer:"

So I sang the same again

While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write

In a book, that all may read."

So he vanish'd from my sight,

And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,

And I stain'd the water clear,

And I wrote my happy songs

Every child may joy to hear.

"Other poets, greater than Blake, have sung of childhood . . . but none of the books written either for children or about them strike the exquisite note that Blake gives us here. . . . His words, always sweet and childish, and his repetitions of the same phrase, like the repetitions in a child's talk, are all part of the charm of these poems."

"Has any writer ever evoked more perfectly for us that moment, so precious and so soon past, when we listened to our child's first cries, and watched its first smile? And by what miracle has this childish poet been able thus to capture that fleeting instant, and make it live before us for ever? . . ." In "Songs of Innocence" we find only that part of nature which is easily accessible to children, and in which they feel interested: the green grass, certain flowers and a few familiar tame animals. There is, indeed, one poem in which beasts of

prey are introduced; but he transports them at once into a world where they become mild and gentle, the world to which children who die are carried by the angels. This is the beautiful poem called "Night."

And there the lion's ruddy eyes  
Shall flow with tears of gold,  
And pitying the tender cries,  
And walking round the fold,  
Saying, "Wrath by his meekness,"  
And, by his health, sickness  
Is driven away  
From our immortal day.

And now beside thee, bleating Lamb,  
I can lie down and sleep;  
Or think on him who bore thy name,  
Graze after thee and weep.  
For, wash'd in life's river,  
My bright mane for ever  
Shall shine like the hold  
As I guard o'er the fold.

In the beautiful closing words of a delightful book, exhaustive and analytical and yet free from pedantry and mere scholasticism: "Blake's poetry must be enjoyed like music,

*The Poetry Review.*

listened to like a voice in a dream, remembered like the last notes of the organ echoing through the dark lofty arches of some great cathedral. And perhaps . . . when we return to our everyday life, with its prohibitions and harsh laws we shall be sorry that the dream is over, that the music has ceased and the vision gone from our sight. Like the child in his own song, we shall sigh because we may not cross the shining river, and reach that land beyond it which is the home of all our ideals and all our fondest desires:

O, what land is the Land of Dreams?  
What are its mountains and what are  
its streams?

O Father! I saw my Mother there  
Among the lilies by waters fair.

I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn,  
O! when shall I again return?

Father, O Father, what do we here  
In this land of unbelief and fear?  
The Land of Dreams is better far  
Above the light of the Morning Star.

---

## THE MAN WHO SUCCEEDED.

*(Concluded.)*

For the first time Logie began to feel a free man, and to be inordinately proud of himself without exactly knowing why. He bought more wood, and piled it with care and exactitude on his own bit of land—his own land, which he might use as he liked, and where he could sit around on some of his logs and feel as if he possessed the earth, and was in a position where no man could touch him.

The next day he sold no wood at all. He allowed himself a pipe of tobacco that night, because he believed a man does not do much good work when he is downhearted, and he thought a pipe would cheer him. He knocked the

ashes carefully out when he had finished, and determined to go on with his wood-buying and his wood-selling. The nights being light, he was able to work late, and he pitied from the bottom of his heart the men who had to knock off work at a certain given hour.

During the days of long light weather he thought, with a curl of the lip, of those who limited themselves to eight hours' work a day. His pile of sawn wood grew high, and he began to have some regular customers for it. They were Scotspeople most of them, and where there was a Highland servant he was always certain of an order.

Once he wrote on a piece of paper, for sheer love of seeing the sentence in ink, "I am a landowner." His yard began to have a prosperous appearance, and he had to climb for logs, they were piled so high. But he did not begin to alter his way of living, even when he began to make dollars more rapidly. He had learned to do without, and he intended to go on doing without for a long time to come. It began to have a charm of its own for him, as it has for all those who are healthy in mind and body. He bought meal, cooked his own porridge, and established his work and his food on a ratio scale: so much food enabled him to do so much work, so much sleep enabled him to remain so many hours awake. He became like a balance set between two weights, and to keep the balance true he kept himself in health. He never thought about pleasure: his upbringing had made him independent of it. His happiness consisted in making money, and whatever he saved he invested in land. He dreamed of land, and always he was the possessor of it. He dreamed of banks and finance, and always he was the owner of the bank—such stuff was he made of—or he was the controller of finance. In his dreaming he never held a subordinate position anywhere. He was always at the top of things, always getting on. With the development of a new railway his ridiculous patch of territory was wanted for a building site. He sold it for a couple of hundred dollars, and bought another piece of ground farther out of the town. His dally tramp was longer from there, but, on the other hand, houses were springing up on all sides; winter was coming on, and everyone wanted wood to burn. There were houses which gave him orders regularly. He learned where to buy lumber to advantage, and he sent for one of his brothers to come

out and join him. One of his own brothers was the only man he could trust in the business.

Rob brought news from home—news that was parted with at intervals, and was asked for with difficulty. The two brothers never spoke when they were at work, but over their tea at night they uttered brief sentences which might pass for conversation.

They became "Dunbar Brothers," with their name painted on a cart, with a horse to take the wood from door to door. Their stable was primitively built amongst the piles of wood, and the house where Dunbar Brothers lived was almost as plain and unadorned as the stable. There was a little enamel ware on a shelf, an enamel saucepan and a kettle, a table and one or two chairs, and in the room above there were two mattresses spread on home-made wooden bedsteads.

Once Logie wrote in white letters on a board, "Repairs Done," and nailed it to the wooden side of his house. When Rob came home in the evening he looked at the board for a long time, his thumbs stuck into the armholes of his waistcoat and his feet set wide apart.

In the evening he said, "You're advertising?"

Logie smiled and said, "Yon's a fac'."

They often looked at the board, glorying in it, and they began to mend and patch broken tables and chairs through the winter evenings. All the time they were wondering why people didn't do their mending for themselves. A bit of glue or a hammer and some nails were generally all that were required to mend the chair. Yet few troubled to stretch out a hand for a tool as in the old days; everything was sent out to be mended, and no price seemed too high to ask for the simplest sort of work.

A third brother came out from Scot-



land, and a third mattress was provided for him, also another mug was bought, and the firm began to make chairs as well as to mend them. Rob had had no training as a carpenter, but the other two had passed their apprenticeship, and Rob had a shrewd business head. It was he who thought of having their delicate brother out as a designer. The boy had always had a faculty beyond common for drawing, and the business was growing. They wanted as a designer a man who would wear black clothes all day, and come into the front shop and serve customers, with a pencil behind his ear. The delicate, refined-looking boy, with his pale face, was the man for the post. He was given a bed in the office, where the stove was, because he was weakly. He was the one who wrote letters home. Allison Dunbar began at last to have a better comprehension of Canadian life than she had ever been able to acquire from Logie's weekly scrape of the pen. She learned, too, that in dry air the delicate son of the family was able to breathe. He continued to act as office clerk and designer, but he could have sawn wood with the best before many months were over. He told her it was "all Canada," and she thought her sons had gone daft about the place. They wanted one of their sisters to cook for them before another year was out. But she married before she had been many months making the house comfortable and cooking barley broth and scones as they have been made in the Western Highlands these many generations. Knowing the loss that she would be to them, she said to Logie, as jauntily as the subject requires, "You'll need to get a wife for yourself, Logie."

"I have no time the noo," he answered.

He was building a shack on a bit of land of his own, and that was his

first piece of house property. When he sold it he sent his mother home twenty pounds.

After that it was "Dunbar Brothers, Builders and Contractors." The office had glass doors to it, and great ledgers on a desk with a sloping top, and a telephone which rang repeatedly. The brothers, all except James, worked in their shirt sleeves still, although they had a dozen men in their employ: they drove home nails while James made out contracts. It began to be said of them that what Dunbar Brothers undertook to do, they always did: they could even finish a job at the time stated. The broken promises which hamper trade and cause telephone bells to ring excitedly were not for them. They seldom made promises.

The joy of gain was upon them all. The joy of this new land was the plentifulness of it. To make money did not imply taking it: it implied filling your mouth, and giving a bite to a friend. There was gloriously enough! Above all there was enough land, and the firm of Dunbar never dreamed of investing its money in anything but land and the business.

The comforts of life did not increase with their prosperity. Mrs. Dunbar had written to say that her three remaining children were too young to go abroad or to be of very much use when they arrived.

"It's a pity we haven't Jeanie," said Rob.

Simultaneously the brothers turned their eyes upon Logie, who drew his black brows together and said nothing.

He was building a little house, but had not sold it before it was finished, as his custom was.

He believed he would go home and fetch her from Scotland when the house was finished and the verandah had been furnished with cane chairs, and the bedrooms with iron bedsteads,

and the kitchen with pots and pans. In the end Jeanie came out to him to be married. She belonged to working people, and knew that work had to come first. When Logie saw her standing on the deck of the ship, dressed in decent black, and with a homely shawl about her shoulders, everything in the world slipped from him, and the empty space that was left behind was filled to overflowing with one woman. She came forward down the gangway, and they kissed each other and clasped hands, and said very little, and walked still handfasted to the Presbyterian minister's house, and were married; and each, according to the custom of a country which has produced very fine women and very good wives, promised to be faithful and dutiful to the other—and that was all.

The year after Jeanie's arrival in Canada was the year that things took a crooked turn with the firm of "Dunbar Brothers." Business went down in the unaccountable way it does sometimes, but the "back-put," as they called it, would be only temporary. But one night something very serious happened, for the yard, which was now known as "the premises," was burned to the ground. No one knew how the accident happened; in its result it was terrible enough. Jeanie saw the wrecked and charred remains of the business the morning after the accident happened, and said, "It's a Providence no one was killed." She turned her house into a temporary dwelling for all and sundry, and cooked for them all and made up beds, and allowed Logie to know for the first time that she had never thought the "premises" half good enough.

"You were losing business," she said, "because you didn't look as though you expected it."

"You're the woman!" said Logie.

"It's no honesty that counts, it's plate-glass," she said.

"We'll need to be honest," said Logie.

"Nae fears," quoth she.

But they were going to have plate-glass windows as well, and a "frontage," and "Dunbar Brothers, Builders and Cabinet Makers, &c.," over the door.

"For the town is bound to come this way," said Jeanie; and she mended and darned for the men, and kept her house sweet from garret to cellar, and washed and cooked till the very day her boy was born.

When she came downstairs again, the business had not increased. The town "jumped" in the other direction from where lay Logie's land. There was a dark bit of road ahead—yes, and a rough bit too—and Jeanie Dunbar set her face to it not doggedly, perhaps, so much as primly. She merely refused to have a bowing acquaintance with misfortune, and declined to know it. Of finance she knew as much as any of the four men about her. She belonged to a country where it has never been the fashion to reckon women as a class separate and apart from the men, because in Scotland the pretty fashion of being silly has never been popularized. Women hear business discussed, they know the value of trade, and most of them have competent business heads. When Logie would have sold his land, being pretty nearly sick with despair now, his wife bade him stick to it; and she knew what getting in on the ground-floor meant, and had a notion where railway shops were likely to be erected. She knew the value of a good proposition, and she put her finger unerringly on the flaws in a bad one. Rob brought all the business to her, and she discussed it with him over her baking-board.

"If Logie sinks so much capital in

that, there will not be much money to spend," he would say to her.

"Who's talking of spending money, Rob Dunbar?" said she. "Was I brought up to spend money or to take care of it?" She made a dollar go twice as far as they had been able to make it in the old days of their discomfort, because a man when he does without a thing does without it. But a woman, who cannot bear to see him doing without, uses her sixth sense to give him what he wants without increasing his expenditure. The thing has been done hundreds of times, and there is not a man living who knows how it is done. They believe a woman has no head for figures, and yet they are quite unable to contradict the statement (which she frequently makes) that two and two are five—a statement, too, which she is proving to be true every day of her life.

"Go on with your building, Logie," she said to him, "and hold your head up."

She was one of those women who can put up clean white muslin curtains in the window, and starve comfortably behind them.

But the present reverse in her husband's fortune tried him much more severely than his former poverty had done.

"If I can't pay for the lumber I can't take the contracts. Money is tight now, and no one is going to wait for payment. The land must go, even if we sell it at a loss."

"You don't come to Canada to lose money," was his wife's argument.

"The men have to be paid."

"Will you be able to pay them this week?"

"Yes," he said.

"And next week?"

"Not unless I get the money for the new house, and that isn't due till the contract is finished. The snow is keeping us back."

"Give the snow another week to melt," she said.

But the snow did not melt, and Rob arranged for a loan at the bank. The firm of Dunbar continued putting up their new sheds and workshops with a frontage on the street. The premises were twice the size of the old ones which had been burned down, and the price of them lay in Logie's lands, from which the town had turned away like a horse that shies from something that he alone has seen. No one can tell the vagaries of a town: no sooner has a cluster of houses been formed than it begins to have a personality and a will of its own. The suburb in which Logie had invested all he possessed was not booming with the rest of the town. If the land was sold at its present depreciated value, it might mean for the firm of Dunbar beginning the world all over again, and to their credit be it said that they were all ready thus to begin. It is the air, perhaps, of Canada that makes hopefulness its natural quality. But debt is a serious antidote to hopefulness, and Dunbar Brothers were in debt. Logie would have changed his present life of anxiety for the old days of semi-starvation in his little woodyard, and Rob told Jeanie that the value of Logie's lands had fallen again.

She clasped young Logie to her heart, and told him that she wasn't going to be beaten, and she went to a man whom everyone knows in Montreal, and to whom most people who are in trouble go, and she told him no tale of woe, but simply made a bare statement of a difficult financial crisis.

"We arranged it for her," the man whom everyone knows in Montreal once said afterwards, when he was accused of having helped a despairing man, and probably that is the only time he ever spoke of the matter.

He was paid back, of course, or else this story need never have been writ-

ten, or, at any rate, the title would have had to be changed. He was paid back because contracts began to come in again. But the land which Logie owned was still low in value; no one wanted it, no one seemed to feel inclined to build upon it, and it was costing something in the way of rates.

"It will never be the fashion," Logie said one day, "and we may just as well get rid of it. The town is stretching in every direction except this, and I saw some new roads graded in the south suburb yesterday."

Jeanie remained silent. She never spoke till her husband had finished, and he always knew when he got no reply from her that something was coming.

"I might get a few hundred dollars for it now," he said.

Then Jeanie began to speak rapidly, distinctly, but without any heat and without raising her voice.

"Yes, Logie," she said, "your land is not the fashion, and the big houses are all going the other way. But what hinders ye to make it the fashion? Wha would be beaten by a bit of land! Man, I would twist its thrawn neck, and make it walk in some other direction if it wouldn't walk in mine, but it shouldn't lie still and rot. The land is good and the sun is upon it, and a man with a pair of hands is waiting to see it made the fashion!"

He waited to hear all she had to say, and he built houses on the land himself, and his brothers built them with him as in the good old days. He called the circle of them "Dunbar Park," and he ran up the rents of them so high that everyone wanted to have a house there, and he sailed into fortune with a minute or two to spare as he rounded the last flag.

That was some years afterwards, of course—houses, even in Canada, are not built and lived in in a day—but the thing happened long before Logie's

youngest child was three years old.

As I knew Dunbar Park, it was an unexpected little piece of civilization following upon a ragged piece of town. The ragged piece of town has since then been covered with municipal buildings, and shops with façades, and "structures" with round-faced clocks upon them high up in the towers, crowned with weather-vanes. But during my first visit there it was owned by one called Naboth, who is the holder of all vineyards which someone else wants, and Logie meant to have it, and already had a vision of a tramway line running between Dunbar Park and the town. Jeanie grudged the price he paid for it, but laughs now at the mere mention of so small a sum. A single corner lot on that ragged piece of ground is worth more to-day than the sum her husband paid for the whole of it. Already the tramway line is a glorious reality. Business men take it at nine in the morning, and get back to supper shortly after six. Dunbar Park is planted with little trees that are even now nearly the size of well-grown walking-sticks. There are rows of houses, each of a different design, in gardens with no flowers in them. Sometimes taxi-cabs drive up to the doors, but there is only one motor car, and that belongs to the big house set on a little eminence above the others. It is looked at with respect and awe by all the lesser inhabitants of the place. One or two people always stand and look at it when it is drawn up before the handsome portico.

To-day I saw a lady descend the steps, dressed in handsome furs; some children were with her, and a servant tucked them up carefully under buffalo robes. She gave some order to the chauffeur with a supremely well-bred accent. I am told that all the little houses with their white-painted porches in Dunbar Park belong to her husband,

and will one day belong to her children. People, hearing that the houses have again gone up in value, often say to each other, "What will those young Dunbars be worth some day?" They consider Mrs. Dunbar "grand," but they admit that she has every reason to be so. Her house is filled with modern inlaid furniture, the carpets are of velvet pile, and the lace curtains in the windows are from England, while Mrs. Dunbar's clothes come from Paris.

She has never disappointed Logan Dunbar (they are just becoming known as the Logan-Dunbars), and she does not disappoint him now. She is a fine lady, and Logie glories in the fact. Oh, the refinement of her accent! And her good manners! And her easy way of sitting at the head of her dinner-table, with the flowers and the silver upon it! It is great to see her. She wears her sealskin jacket like a queen, and talks about the servant problem in Canada. It is great to hear her. Once, she found a Scottish baronet from whom she was descended, and she stuck to him, and had his crest stamped upon her notepaper. Logie always left the Scottish baronet to her, although she claimed him as a common ancestor. She was the only woman in Dunbar Park who had afternoon tea—and she knew how it ought to be served too! There was not much that anyone could teach her. When she gave dinner-parties they were awe-inspiring. The silver shone, the glass was bright, and Mrs. Logan-Dunbar, standing by a standard electric lamp and gliding forward to meet her guests, was a very finished performer. Logie wore evening dress. He had his first suit of them when he was over thirty years of age. Some day he means to have silk socks. Jeanie finds it difficult to wear stockings of any other material. She has a few volumes bound in calf of works of great authors lying on her

table; last winter she "took up" Bergson. It is a secret which she keeps even from Logie that the governess writes all her notes for her, because, try as she may, spelling is still a difficulty. Sometimes she calls the governess, who is devoted to her, her secretary.

An introduction to Dunbar House is eagerly sought for by English visitors, who believe that an introduction to Mr. Logan-Dunbar will make the fortune of backward sons, and they admire Mrs. Dunbar's well-kept house and charming bedrooms. Of herself they are ever so little a bit afraid. Jeanie encourages the feeling; her manner has grown just noticeably distant: she is one of the old Dunbars of Lilleburne, and an ancient descent of that sort does undoubtedly stamp itself on many generations. When English visitors leave, they are punctilious in the matter of sending letters of thanks at once to the big house on the hill. They say to their boys, "Just look what can be done in Canada!" And the boys do not do it.

Mrs. Logan-Dunbar has calls to pay and shopping to do; her motor car is always busy. She buys a few exquisite flowers, and leaves them as a little offering upon an English Duchess who is staying at the hotel, but who is coming to spend a few days at Dunbar House in order to see what life in the West is really like; and the English Duchess, who is at that very moment going to get into a taxi-cab, accepts the invitation to be driven in the glittering Rolls-Royce car. She admires the children, chats delightfully, and lets fall some slang sometimes, and is not nearly so splendid as Jeanie Dunbar with her furs about her, sitting back regally on the buffalo robes. Afternoon tea will be ready now, punctual, well served, and with an accompaniment of pretty silver and little cakes.



Is it any wonder that Logie is proud of his wife!

The Duchess, who has often stayed, as a girl, at the laird's house in Auchentinnie, and who knows all about the Dunbars, says to herself, as she drives away in Jeanie's motor car, that she wonders if any but Scotspeople could have done it! (But then, of course, she is a Scotswoman herself.) She would have enjoyed Jeanie more, perhaps, sitting, as she often sat, with the villagers, over a peat-fire in some low-roofed little room in the Highlands. But even the Duchess thinks it a fine performance, and she loves Jeanie all the better for playing the game so well.

There was a dinner-party that night at Dunbar House, and do you think that Jeanie Dunbar was going to let the servants enjoy all the fun of it, and not have a hand in every single thing herself? She adjusted the last candle-shade at six o'clock, shook up a cushion, and glanced at an entrée in aspic, and then Logie came home, and he and she went upstairs to a large room at the top of the house. It is a room filled with flowers, and in the daytime all the sunshine that comes into Dunbar Park floods it. The carpet is soft, and the curtains are warm and bright, and in a bed with pretty hangings lies an old woman with a white mutch over her gray hair. She is not quite bed-ridden yet, and during the sunny hours of the day she is up for an hour or two, and sees her grandchildren and their mother. But six o'clock finds her in bed again under the smooth white sheets, and six o'clock is her own hour which no one disputes with her, and nothing ever comes to disturb it. Business itself may wait between the hours of six and seven, and important guests are left to themselves while the old woman sits up in bed, with her wrinkled hands idle, and her old face with a smile of

welcome on it turned towards the door. In the morning it is perhaps only a kiss and good-bye, but in the evening Logie never hurries, never cuts the hour short by so much as five minutes. He and his wife sit on either side of the bed, each with a wrinkled hand between their own strong ones, and then the news of the day is given and advice is asked—all the best advice in Dunbar House comes from the big room at the top of it. It is shrewd advice too, and none the worse for that.

Before the hour is ended Alison produces an old leather-covered Bible from under the sheets. It always goes to bed with her at six o'clock, and always with a certain solemn shyness it is produced towards the end of the hour. They are reading from the Book of Leviticus now, and Alison could not sleep quietly or peacefully without a chapter of it being read to her.

When the chapter is finished, Logie bends over the bed and kisses his mother.

"I'll need to be awa' noo," he says, "for we hae a gran' pairty the nicht."

"Jeanie let me see the jeelies," says Alison, "and the braw wee cakes."

"Mither was sayin' the cakes was no big enough, but I'm tellin' her that the folks hae eneuch to eat afore they come to dessairt and the wee cakes."

"It's just a wee something to taste their gabs," explains Logie.

They are always Scottish peasants again between the hours of six and seven, and always they speak the speech of the North. Who knows,—perhaps Alison would have understood no other, and the people of the Highlands are proverbially courteous.

"I hae seen her dress," Alison goes on. "I had it laid out on the sofy a' the afternoon, lookin' at it."

"Aye, and mither stitched a wee frill into it for a' that her fingers are stiff," said Jeanie. "I wasna goin'

doon to the parlor wi' ma shouthers a' bare."

"Aye, she'd get cauld," said Logie, but nevertheless he had a man's admiration for a low-necked evening gown.

"I am goin' to keep my door a wee thing open and listen to ye's talkin' doonstairs," said the old woman in bed, her eyes brightening.

"Aye, we'll talk," said Logie, smiling, "we'll talk even when we hae naething to say. That's queer, mither, isn't it noo?"

"Aye, but you'll need to be in the fashion, Logie."

"We are in the fashion," he assented contentedly, and gave Jeanie a look which seemed to lift her.

"They 'ull be gettin' tea, I sepad?"

"Hoot, mither, I showed ye the wee coffee cups."

"It's aye coffee noo," explained Logie.

"I hope it 'ull no keep them from sleeping."

"It's awfy indegestible," said Jeanie, "and lies kin' o' heavy when you're no used to it."

"Do ye ken, a never tasted it," said Alison. "It was aye tea at hame."

"Aye, it was tea, mither, when it wasna burnt crusts wi' het water poured ower them, and you tellin' the bairns it was tea."

A bell rang downstairs to proclaim the hour of dressing for dinner (there was to be a gong soon).

"Ye maun gang, ye maun gang," said Alison eagerly, "and a' they gran' folk coming."

They kissed her and went downstairs, and Alison lay back on her pillows, and wished that Donald and the bairn could have lived to see this day. And Jeanie, in her braw goon wi' a tail to it, stood under the electric light in the much-inlaid drawing-room, and received her guests with smiles of welcome and greeted them in her most perfect English accent.

*S. Macnaughtan.*

---

## THE LEGACY OF DIAZ.

There has recently died in exile and neglect one of the most powerful and quite the most extravagantly praised of modern rulers. Up to five years ago the name and fame of Porfirio Diaz still dazzled the world. Had he not rescued Mexico from a whirlpool of revolution, ruled it with but one short break for five-and-thirty years, covered it with railways, opened it to commerce, established its credit, and brought it from anarchy to order and prosperity? Was he not the very pattern of the soldier-statesman, with no Constitutional nonsense about him—a benevolent despot who had made a nation out of half-breeds and chaos, an autocrat after the business man's own heart, an example for all strong men throughout the Spanish-American

world? It was in terms hardly less laudatory than these that he and his achievements were rated on that 15th of September, 1910, when on his eightieth birthday he received in the Presidential Palace the congratulations of all the rulers of the earth. A bare eight months later he slunk out of Mexico City at daybreak, a fugitive and deposed; and the State that he seemed to have built so securely has ever since floundered in murderous confusion. We can all see now where and why he failed. His Government was simply a Government of "the interests," a plutocracy of landowners, contractors, foreign capitalists, concessionaires, and political jobbers, presided over and fenced with security by a martinet. Diaz realized the neces-

sity of order and the value of industrial development, and he came to regard his continuance in power as indispensable to both. Obsessed by the passion to rule and dominate, he tolerated no rival, and found means of removing or winning over as an accomplice everyone who showed signs of political ability or independence. He was a despot, but far from being a benevolent one. For the mass of the people he did next to nothing beyond keeping them in order. His instincts and policy were altogether on the side of the big landowner as against the peon and the employer as against the laborer. He made of Mexico a land of great statistical prosperity, very little of which, however, filtered down to the Mexicans themselves. They remained in a state of incongruous destitution, ignorance and subjection, exploited far more than they were benefited by the "progress" that swelled the figures of the trade returns. The chance of gaining any political experience he simply denied to them, and he paid in the end the penalty of all rulers who allow themselves to be bewitched by material development into forgetfulness of human rights and happiness.

Yet there must be much of the Diaz in any man who hopes to govern Mexico in peace, much not only of his type of character, but of his policy. Weaken the strong hand or withdraw it and the experience of the past four years shows what may be expected. A country over six times the size of the United Kingdom, and with a population of some 15,000,000, has been steadily pushed into the morass of anarchy. In the northern States the securities of civilized life have been pretty well swept away; agriculture, mining and business have been abandoned, and their place is taken by an intensive form of rapine and pillage. In the south matters are a little, but only a little, better. The American

residents in the capital who appealed to their Government for protection last March hardly exaggerated when they declared that Mexico is drifting towards total destruction. The armies in the field, leaders and men alike, have probably long forgotten, if they ever knew, for what specific cause they suppose themselves to be fighting. Lust and loot, an insatiable passion to kill and burn and destroy, are the forces that keep them in being; and Villa and Carranza and Zapata and the rest, whatever the motives that induced them to take up arms, are now simply engaged in a struggle for personal power and plunder. Nor does there seem much ground for hoping that, in default of some outside agency, matters will or can improve. So long as the Mexicans are left to fight it out among themselves, the present anarchy and all its attendant horrors may continue indefinitely. It is a real tragedy, the more so as there is nothing intrinsically in the problem of Mexico that defies solution. An enormously wealthy country, with an impoverished population, a one-sided system of taxation, and a Constitution that for many generations must remain a good deal of a myth, is a common enough phenomenon in Spanish America. In the case of Mexico it is complicated by the presence of perhaps 5,000,000 native Indians and some 7,000,000 of mixed Spanish and Indian descent, by the institution of peonage, by the latifundia which practically cut off the mass of the people from the soil, by the abnormal percentage of illiteracy, and by the inrush of foreign capital eagerly exploiting what Humboldt called "the storehouse of the world." So far has the work of development gone that the northern States are not merely a geographical but a social and industrial and agricultural continuation of Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico. A native middle class

has arisen in them, a certain differentiation of interests and structure between the two halves of Mexico is visible, and one partial issue of the present turmoil might conceivably be the secession of Sonora, Chihuahua and Coahuila and their formation in an Americanized Republic of their own. Throughout the country the governing class, the large landowners, are mainly of Spanish origin, and the big business enterprises are in the hands of Americans and Europeans; while the vast majority of the people fester in a poverty and filth that must be almost unique. They need, first and foremost, education, some conception of what society and citizenship and civilization mean, some instruction in the difference between *meum* and *tuum*; and, secondly, they need land, the breaking up of the big estates, and every facility of agricultural credit and training that a Government animated by the spirit of Mr. Booker Washington could give them. Once the essential basis of security is provided their problem ought not to be hopeless. They are malleable, eager to learn, and remarkably free from prejudices of class and color. What they chiefly require is a chance, and a Government that will look to their elevation and to the care of their material interests for its main source of strength.

There is, perhaps, no Government in the world except that of the United States which would have tolerated just across its borders the spectacle of unrelieved misery and chaos of which Mexico for the past four years has been the scene. It often happens that American statesmanship has either too much conscience or too little. In the case of President Wilson's dealings with Mexico it would be the easiest thing possible to compile a list of the pacific aims and provocative methods, the illusions and spasmodic inconsistencies, the laudable but quite visionary

intentions, the ineffective means directed to impracticable ends and the little spurts of activity leading nowhere and ending in nothing, that have made American policy since 1913 a new and bewildering chapter in the history of diplomacy. But all its failures and vacillations are ultimately referable to the many points of conscience which President Wilson detected in the Mexican situation. Only a few months ago at Indianapolis he expounded the idea and principle that have governed him throughout. "Until this recent revolution in Mexico," he said, "until the end of the Diaz regime, 80 per cent of the people of Mexico never had a look in in determining who should be their governors or what their Government should be. Now I am for the 80 per cent. It is none of my business, and it is none of yours, how long they take in determining it. It is none of my business, and it is none of yours, how they go about their business. The country is theirs. The Government is theirs. The liberty, if they can get it—and God speed them in getting it—is theirs. And so far as my influence goes, while I am President, nobody shall interfere with them. Have not European nations taken as long as they wanted and spilled as much blood as they pleased in settling their affairs, and shall we deny that to Mexico because she is weak? No, I say." That would have been at any time a remarkable utterance. It was doubly so at the end of two years during which American citizens in Mexico had been killed, kidnapped, their homes looted and their industries destroyed, and the American Government's agents and representations have been insulted or ignored. But as a permanent principle of policy it was bound sooner or later to give way under the pressure of the mad, unholy realities of events.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Wilson on



June 2nd struck a very different note. In a statement which was telegraphed to all the Mexican leaders he announced that the people and Government of the United States could not stand indifferently by and do nothing to serve their neighbors; that American sympathy, which was at first with the revolution, had changed since the leaders had turned their arms against one another; that the people were starving and without a Government; and that unless the chiefs of the various factions acted together to relieve their prostrate country "within a very short time" the United States would feel it its duty to bring about a settlement. What form of settlement or of intervention the President had in his mind he did not reveal, but it may be assumed, especially in view of the

*The New Statesman.*

still unsettled issues between the United States and Germany, that he does not contemplate anything in the nature of invasion. More probably he will act, as he has acted before, in conjunction with the Governments of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, in an endeavor to find some man who will be an acceptable President to the warring groups, to instal him in the capital, and to buttress his position with the moral support and financial assistance of all four Governments. It is not, perhaps, a very hopeful expedient; it will not of itself advance the Mexican problem more than an inch towards solution. But it does at least indicate a growing consciousness that the United States cannot acquiesce indefinitely in the condemnation of Mexico to a perpetuity of chaos.

### COLD-BLOODED GOODNESS.

Goodness has its temptations; for instance, righteous indignation, the better forms of pride, a vain quixotry, love of approbation, sentimentality, inordinate loyalty, and many more. There are high-minded persons who fall into none of these temptations, but they are few, and for the most part rather cold-blooded. We have all known some cold-blooded characters. Some are wicked, but the majority are not bad at all; indeed, they are quite good. Their frigidity is by no means always betrayed in their manners. We cannot differentiate them from the warm-blooded by momentary contact, as we can differentiate a frog from a squirrel. Incapacity for righteous indignation should always lead one to suspect that the good man who is without it belongs to a low type of good man, for all that our suspicions may be quite incorrect. There are some warm-hearted men and women

whom nothing moves to anger. The greatest cruelty taking place beneath their eyes might cast them into dejection or fear, but not rouse them to passionate remonstrance or instant retribution. The sense of justice is perhaps not very strong in them; and there they differ from the cold-blooded good, in whom it is marked almost always. There are some exceptional people who without any cynicism rise above the plain virtues. They are generous before they are just. They are too generous ever to do an injustice, but they notice it very little unless it causes them distress or rouses their pity. Abstract justice hardly exists for them. In such people absence of indignation has no reptile suggestion. All the same, they lack something, and not infrequently are so unfortunate as to be condemned with the cold-blooded.

There is a pride which makes men



overlook petty offences, which in its determination to see only what is praiseworthy will deliberately take a false view of life, will deliberately declare that what is is not lest it soil its immaculacy by any recognition of evil. This is the temptation of the very good, the fervent lover of the fair, the true, and the beautiful. Some people, however, who are quite capable of fervor never fall into it. They take delight in being realists, in having lost all illusions, in accepting the world as it is. It is a suspicious peculiarity, but it establishes no absolute case against a warm heart. To do a good action solely because it is pretty, to sacrifice to the beauty of holiness, and occasionally to sacrifice self-consciously and with a view to praise, is a terrible temptation to most good people—even to those who never fall. Rare men and women know nothing about it. They are utterly un-self-conscious in their virtue. They would no more make a sacrifice for the look of the thing than they would practise asceticism for no purpose. That need not, however, mean that they are incapable of enthusiasm; but it renders them a little inhuman, it relates them—or shall we say connects them, for the relation is not one of blood?—with the cold souls.

It is a great delight to some people to say that they have never left a friend in the lurch. They stick to those they have once loved through thick and thin. It is a point of honor with them, and the worse their friend turns out to be the more hotly will they defend him. He has not done wrong, they say. Their faith in him is unshaken. Like the ancient Father of the Church, they believe in his innocence because it is impossible. One must admire their loyalty, but it always lands them in a certain amount of injustice. It is at our peril that we any of us refuse deliberately to see

a fact. This inordinate loyalty is a temptation to almost all the best and warmest hearts. Now and then, here and there, we may come across a kind man or woman who has never felt it. They cannot disregard evidence. They will hold out a hand to their friend who is down, but it is the right hand of pity, not of fellowship. Like the cold-blooded, they are clear-sighted; but they are not cold-blooded, nevertheless.

A young person of either sex who is wholly without sentimentality has not as a rule much heart. On the other hand, where practicality so overruns the character as to destroy all the finest feelings, it may still leave the capacity for sympathy not uninjured, but certainly undestroyed. No good child ever lived who did not wish for approbation, but certain good people do grow out of it. Indifference to it is a cold, unlovable virtue; but some quite kind and lovable people are indifferent to the opinion even of those they really like. It goes, we think, with an overweening desire for independence, a quality always unsociable and rather inhuman.

All these temptations may quite well be no temptations to warm-hearted people; but, speaking generally, those who have never felt them belong to the cold-blooded good. "Have cold-blooded people a right to be called good at all?" we hear some one ask. We think they have. They cannot help being cold-blooded, and, though they may be hateful, they are not nefarious. We have a notion that they exist more among the rich than among the poor, more among the educated than the uneducated, more among women than men. Those we have known have looked down, and have had from a worldly point of view a right to look down, on their fellow-creatures. There is often a sort of exquisiteness about cold blood. It is a distinction.

They have been as incapable of dishonesty as of kindness, as impervious to pity as to passion. With serene indulgence colored by contempt they have watched the follies of the fervent good. "How their indignation checks their usefulness!" they say to themselves. "When will they learn to control it? How their desperate over-anxiety impairs their health! How strange that they have themselves so little in hand! Why do men permit themselves all these doubts, which weaken their political position and disturb their religious placidity? Why do women work themselves to death when a little thought would show them that their individual effort is of no account against the great evils and distresses of the world? When will they see their own true and tiny proportions? Why are they so infatuate, so high-falutin'?" All this they wonder as they look on in their cool wisdom. Half the troubles of the world, in the eyes of the cold-blooded good, come of want of something which they call courage, but which has as little resemblance to that high-mettled quality as a fish has to a man. They regard it as the glittering gift of the natural patrician, of the man or woman whom God or "Burke" has lifted a head and

*The Spectator.*

shoulders above the people. These are the characters whose watchword is "No fuss" and whose secret is no feeling. Nevertheless, they are high-minded people.

Why do we all dislike them more than we dislike so many unprincipled people? We think one reason is that they do not belong properly to the modern world. There is something antediluvian about them. They have survived the great flood of Christianity which drowned the "former things." Certainly they were commoner in the old world than they are now, and we think far better specimens existed. Most antediluvian survivals are, as it were, degenerate. There were cold-blooded giants on the earth once. We can hardly conceive them now. They had knowledge and faith and a stoical power of self-sacrifice. We think we owe them a great debt. We still deeply revere the moral philosophy of their Imperial mouthpiece. But even then they were not all giants. Perhaps it was the thought of the less admirable amongst them which inspired a Christian tentmaker to write in a moment of righteous fervor a hymn to charity in which, as a sort of after-thought, he pronounced their everlasting condemnation.

### THE GERMAN-AMERICAN PLOT.

Mr. Frederic William Wile is well known as a journalist with a pungent style, a good eye for the realities of a situation, and a first-hand and thorough knowledge of Germany and the German character. He has just turned his abilities and attainments to very useful account in a book called *The German-American Plot* (C. Arthur Pearson, 1s. net). We all know vaguely that the German Government has worked overtime to win American

sympathy and support, and that its activities have not been without their effect on Anglo-American relations. But precisely what ends it has been pursuing and through what instruments and with how much or how little of success, on these points the ordinary Englishman has next to no information. Mr. Wile's racy narrative will supply him with just the knowledge he lacks. The personnel and machinery of the German-American propaganda, the

methods by which it operates, the numbers and influence of the German-Americans who are behind it, how it has been regarded by genuine American opinion, its significance as a portent in domestic politics, and the extent to which its thoroughness and lack of scruple, its queer mingling of stupidity and astuteness, have been able to shape external policy, all these matters and many more Mr. Wille handles with a brisk discrimination. It was a task very well worth essaying. The attitude and actions of the United States during the war have been by no means the least important of its secondary issues, and if the Americans were forced to depart from their present neutrality—and it is always possible they may be—no one could regard such a development as other than of the very first magnitude. This book, I imagine, will enable a good many Englishmen to reach a juster estimate of the chances of American intervention. But beyond that, Mr. Wille has drawn for us a graphic and amusing picture of German diplomacy in action, its elephantine woolings, its bullying blatancy, and its gift for missing nothing except the essentials—that is to say, the human and spiritual factors—of whatever problem it may be tackling.

The three cardinal purposes of the German assault upon American opinion have been, says Mr. Wille: (1) to bring about an embargo on the export of munitions of war; (2) to embroil the United States with England on any possible pretext—contraband, ship seizures, flag "violations," or any other issue which arises naturally or can be artificially manufactured; and (3) to inflame Far Western antipathies to Japan and the Japanese, with a view to a Japanese-American War. These aims, of course, have never been avowed—there are limits even to Teutonic obtuseness. Nor have they been pursued by

the Germans as Germans, but always as German-Americans, with a tender regard for the honor and interests of their adopted land. "The crusade was waged in flamboyant terms of American patriotism and sentimental susceptibilities. It was 'American neutrality' which must be safeguarded, shrieked the German propagandists. . . . The German campaign, in other words, was organized to make Americans believe that it is in their holy interest, in the name of American freedom, ideals, and self-respect, that Kaiserdom is waging with all the forces and ingenuity of man and hell this fight for right, justice, and liberty. It is always as 'American citizens' that Germany's protagonists wage their agitation. It is always their disinterested naturalized patriotism which spurs them." Side by side with this campaign of argument has gone one of terrorism, a sustained attempt, as Mr. Wille puts it, "to punish financially, commercially, politically, and socially any man, newspaper, firm, corporation, or party which dared oppose German bidding."

One can well imagine that the Wilhelmstrasse, concentrating as usual on the material elements of its task and ignoring all the others, considered its undertaking formidable but by no means hopeless. There are in the United States very nearly 20,000,000 people of German birth or descent—about, that is, one-fifth of the entire population. Hitherto they have been looked upon as an eminently stable and industrious section of the Commonwealth. They have played a far greater part in building up the United States than is usually recognized; they are prominent and respected in all walks of life; there are towns and whole districts in America that are almost as German as anything in the Fatherland. Moreover they are a clanish body. They have carried across

the Atlantic their instinct for forming clubs and societies on every imaginable basis. They have their own papers, about 140 of them in all. American politicians have long paid peculiar deference to the German vote. Of late years, too, the Kaiser has sedulously courted his exiled compatriots. German ambassadors during the past decade and a half have encouraged them to expand and perfect their organizations. In at least four important States the German vote holds the balance of power, and throughout the country at large it represents perhaps a sixth of the total electorate. Statistically a strong case might easily be made out to convince the Wilhelmstrasse that it was in its power with a very little dexterity to manipulate American opinion and policy pretty much as it chose. What it probably failed to realize was that of the 20,000,000 people of German birth or origin in the United States, at least half had outgrown any sentimental attachment to their land of extraction and had become simply Americans. Mr. Wile estimates that the total number of sympathizers with Germany at this moment in America is 10,000,000, or, in other words, that nine-tenths of the United States is pro-Allies. What also the directors of the German campaign failed to grasp was, first, that no explanations or apologies could counteract the effect produced by German deeds or could bridge the gulf between the German and the American spirit; and secondly, that the vast majority of Americans would bitterly resent and would ultimately defeat any attempt to dictate their national policy in the interests of any European Power.

None the less the German propaganda has been a masterpiece of effrontery and organization. Mr. Wile states that in the opinion of good judges some £50,000 a week must have

been spent on it. The Press, the platform, the electioneering committee room, ambassadorial interviews and hospitality, professors like Münsterberg, emissaries like Dernburg, editors like Ridder, have all been pressed into its service. Mr. Wile gives some extraordinary instances of the ruses and ramifications of "the system," of spies and boycotts, of firms and newspapers ruined or terrorized, of passports forged, of Legislatures bombarded with protests and petitions, of towns like Chicago driven to seek safety by a careful suppression of all anti-German sentiments, and of still more Teutonic towns, such as Milwaukee and St. Louis, openly displaying a divided allegiance not far removed from treason. Nor has violence been omitted. The long list of outrages on Allied shipping and on American factories engaged in turning out munitions culminated recently in an explosion in the United States Senate and the attempted assassination of Mr. J. P. Morgan. Friends of mine in Washington frankly say that, on account of German spies in the postal service, they cannot write to me freely about the war. If the German campaign therefore has failed on the main points it has none the less been effective, and Mr. Wile bears emphatic testimony to the fervor and the "amazing, single-minded, blind unanimity" with which it is conducted. What so far has defeated it is not any attachment on the part of Americans to England, still less any particular skilfulness on the part of British diplomacy, but the spectacle of German "frightfulness" by land and sea, broken pledges, violated treaties, the clumsy truculence of the German apologists themselves, and a genuine instinct of revolt against the military ideals of the German State. We have not however yet heard the last of the German-American plot. It may still be counted upon to do its utmost



both to stir up dissensions between Washington and London and to prevent the United States from turning Germany's submarine policy into a *casus belli*. I do not myself believe that if the United States were to enter the war, the German-American element would be a source of any serious trouble. Most of those

*The Outlook.*

who belong to it would be loyal to their adopted country; the remainder would very quickly be suppressed. But if American neutrality is preserved, then I think one may assume that the German-American vote and influence will be a greater power in American politics than ever.

*Sydney Brooks.*

## COMMITTEES.

"This world," sighed Francesca, might be a happy place if it were not for its committees."

"That," I said, "has all the appearance of an apophthegm. Francesca, do you know what an apophthegm is?"

"Of course I do," said Francesca. "What I said was an apophthegm. I didn't know it when I said it, but I know it now, for one who is wise above ordinary mortals has told me so. I can do lots more at the same price and all equally good. 'God helps them that help themselves.' 'Virtue is its own reward.' 'Misfortunes never come singly.' 'Still waters run deep.' I could go on for ever."

"Yes," I said, "I'm sure you could, but they're not all apophthegms. Some of them are proverbs, and——"

"Surely at this time of day you're not going to tell me what a proverb is. It's the wisdom of many and the wit of one—there, I got it out first."

"I was not," I said, "competing with you; but I insist on telling you that an apophthegm is a pithy saying and that you don't know how to spell it."

"P-i-t-h-y," said Francesca. "Next, please."

"I did not refer to the paltry word 'pithy.' I referred——"

"Well, anyhow, I warn you that I once got a prize for spelling at school. It was called a literary outfit—a penholder, two gilt nibs, two lead pencils

and an ink-eraser, all in a pretty card-board case with a picture of St. Michael's Mount on the lid. Cost, probably, sixpence, but I never inquired, because you mustn't look a gift box in the price, must you? There's another apo-what-you-may-call-it. I'm simply pouring them out to-day. Oh, yes, I know that 'embarrass' has got two r's, and 'harass,' poor thing, has got only one, and I know any amount of other perfectly wonderful tricks. I'll outspell you any day of the week, and you can have the children to help you."

"Francesca," I said, "your breathless babble shall not avail you. I've got you, and I mean to pin you down. How do you——"

"Stop! Stop!" she cried. "You can't mean that you're going—no, a man can't be as wicked as that."

"Wicked or not," I said, "I'm going to ask you to spell apophthegm."

"Yes, but don't actually do it. Keep on going to do it as much as you like. Let it be always in the future and never in the present."

"Francesca," I said, "how do you spell apophthegm?"

"I never do," she said; "I should scorn the action."

"Don't niggle," I said. "How does one spell the word?"

"One doesn't," she said. "It takes six people at least to do it; but I'll



ring for the maids, if you like, and call the children in, and then we'll all have a go at it together."

"Thank you, I can do it alone." Thereupon I did it.

"Yes," she said, "that's it. You can go up one. It's a funny word, isn't it? There's a sort of Cholmondeley-Marjoribanks feeling about it. And to think that I should be able to make a thing like that without any conscious effort. It's really rather clever of me. You can spell it, but I can spell it and make it too. Good old apothegum."

"And now," I said, "you can tell me about these committees that are depressing you so much."

"Oh, but I'm not depressed now. I'm quite gay and light-hearted since I found how beautifully you could spell——"

"We will not mention that word again, please."

"All right, we won't; but remember, I didn't begin it. You tried to crush me with it, you know, and I wasn't taking any crushing, was I?"

"Francesca," I said, "your language is deteriorating."

"How well you pronounce," she said. "Most people call that deteriorating."

"Never mind what they call it. Tell me about your committees."

"It's only that there are such a frightful lot. There were plenty before, and the war has brought hundreds more into existence."

"Well, what of that? The men who are too old or too infirm to go to the front must do something to help, and——"

"There you go again," said Francesca scornfully. "Men! Men belong to these War Committees. Their

Punch.

names are on the lists, but it's the women who do all the work."

"And get all the praise," I said enthusiastically. "There's scarcely a Committee Meeting at which votes of thanks to the Ladies' Sub-Committees aren't passed. Still, there *are* a lot of Committees. They do seem to grow on you, don't they?"

"Yes," she said. "It's like keeping dogs. You begin with a small Committee, a sort of Pekinese, and you get a reputation for being fond of Committees, and in a few months you find you've got a Committee on every sofa and armchair in the house—St. Bernards, retrievers, spaniels, and all sending out notices and requiring you to attend."

"Your metaphor," I said, "is getting a little out of hand, but I know what you mean."

"Thank you, oh, thank you. And then there's old Mrs. Wilson who has eight children and a husband who ought to have followed the King's example, only ten times more so, and hasn't done anything of the sort. She requires about a whole Committee all to herself, and she isn't the only one."

"The fact is," I said, "that if Committees didn't exist you'd have to invent them."

"But they do exist," she said, "and we keep on inventing them. We're going to invent a new one to-night—the chocolate and tobacco Committee for the county regiment. We have to co-ordinate things."

"All Committees have to do that," I said. "Co-ordination is the badge of all their tribe."

"Is that an apothegm?" she said.

"No," I said, "it's almost a quotation."

R. C. Lehmann.

## THE SAINT OF FRANCE.

In ancient history it seemed only reasonable to expect supernatural beings to assist their worshippers at times of national peril or disaster. For their worshippers had created them. Gods were the spiritual expression of their peoples, and if the peoples were destroyed the gods themselves vanished like sparks. So closely were they identified with the race of their origin or adoption that, as is well known, they habitually appeared in shining armor to rally their believers and smite the hostile ranks which depended on the support of celestial rivals.

For three thousand years all the world has listened to the details of those violent and sometimes undignified conflicts between the heavenly powers which favored Greek or Trojan upon that windy plain now visible to greater hosts warring at Gallipoli. The peaceful god who got his name from feeding Arcadian flocks, and kept it as the comic source of innumerable puns and errors from prehistoric times down to Mr. Chesterton—even Pan promised his help to the Athenians in battle, whether they asked for it or not and he seems duly to have appeared at Marathon, smiting the slavish swarm of conscript Orientals, not with a crook, but with a ploughshare. Time would fail to tell of the great Twin Brethren to whom the Dorians pray, and after whose white horses black Auster tolled in vain, how they assisted young Rome's Dictator to repulse the Tarquin tyranny; or to tell of the dog-headed, cat-headed, bird-headed gods which fought for Egypt and the serpent of old Nile against the comparatively human and domestic symbolism of the early Empire; or to tell of cloudy armies embattled in the sky, heralding the Holy City's overthrow, or of the tailed and flaming

star which astounded citizens of London in the year that the Conqueror came, far more than a Zeppelin astounds them now. Its picture, like a sunflower with a tapering stalk, may still be seen upon the tapestry at Bayeux.

These are old tales, old portents. But deep in man's heart a confidence in celestial alliance with a nation's cause has always lain dormant, and in crises of national peril it awakes. The Catholic peasant puts on his uniform, and in his village church commits his life and his country to the care of this patron saint or that. The Orthodox peasant of the Near East puts on his uniform, and in his village church kisses the ancient portrait of the most powerful local saint—kisses it with such fervor that the face must be covered with glass to preserve its features. Among our enemies, the Emperor who once commended Attila's warfare as an example for his troops, has attempted to localize and reduce the Divine Power to "our old ally of Rossbach" (that village being the scene of a considerable Prussian victory many years ago.) And so it comes about that the heart-rending prayers poured by contending nations of Christendom to a Deity who is the same for all, present an inexhaustible theme for melancholy amusement to the satirist or philosopher whose own heart has never been rent by war.

But those who in themselves have experienced war's crazing agony will not wonder or sneer at any prayer which doomed combatants may raise, or at any vision from which they may derive encouragement and consolation. We are not surprised at the spiritual reverence displayed by our Allies in France towards the many crucifixes which have remained untouched by shell when their church has been shat-

tered into ruin around them and the forgotten bones of graves turned up into the sunlight again. Preachers have boldly accepted the story of those visionary hosts of angels interposing their flaming swords between the onset of the German cavalry and our tenacious and battle-worn battalions that saved a nation on their retreat from Mons. When they told us that these hosts were invisible to the insensate enemy, but that the horses saw them, and fled, we did not smile in a superior manner. We did not even smile when they accepted the novelist tale that ghosts of gallant Englishmen who fought at Agincourt five centuries ago rose from the neighboring ground, to join once more in England's battle; in evidence of which inspiring resurrection, behold the shafts of English long-bows sticking in the earth or in a foe-man's heart! We did not smile. We did not even ask for an arrow to be produced in court. We knew what strange visions and intimations spring unbidden in the soul when the beating of Death's wing is heard close by.

In France last week, upon the very ridge of war, there was celebrated a nine days' "Supplication to Our Lady of the Afflicted, to obtain victory for our arms, protection for our soldiers, and peace." Only those will jest at such prayers who have never felt a wound or known a beloved head exposed to slaughter. But in the same letter which tells of this Supplication, there is mention of another worship, at which even the detached philosopher and satiric spectator of humanity's fond illusions have no need to scoff. For the writer notices what all have noticed who have known France since the earthquake of war began.

"Truly," he says, "Joan of Arc has come into her own, and after the last ten months there is not a saint in the calendar who stands near her in the

love and pride of Frenchmen, and of Englishmen too. There is never a church so poor that it cannot afford the mailed figure of the Maid. Other statues may go lacking an offering, not hers."

It is nearly six years since the Church in Rome raised to the degree of "Beatitude" the girl whom one of its Bishops ordered to be burnt alive under an inscription declaring her a liar, a plague, a deceiver of the people, a sorceress, a blasphemer of God, an unbeliever in the faith of Christ, a boaster, an idolatress, cruel and dissolute, a witch of devils, apostate, schismatic, and heretic. It had not taken the whole of the intervening time—478 years—to effect so remarkable a change of opinion, but the question of the authenticity of her miracles occasioned prolonged discussion. The girl herself never claimed miraculous powers, nor believed that she possessed them. But that is not sufficient disproof, for some people remain unconscious of the extraordinary powers latent in their nature, and some remain unconscious of an entire absence of powers of any kind. The evidence in support of miracles is often difficult to establish, and we need not follow in detail the careful investigations which were at length decided in her favor. For those whose interests are not primarily theological, the miracle of her existence may seem sufficient wonder, and compared with her achievement we would hardly turn the corner to witness the most astonishing marvel recorded in the Acts of all the Saints.

The authenticity of her miracle is unquestioned. There was about her none of the languishing sentimentality and trusting sweetness with which the image-makers have invested her, as they have invested even the "Mother of God." "Just the simplest peasant you could ever see"—that is the contemporary account: short, deep-chested,

with black hair cut like a boy's; nothing remarkable about her except an attractive voice. She could not write or read, but at spinning and stitching, as she boasted at her trial, there was not a woman in Rouen could beat her. "That's a good sort of girl," said one of the British "Tommies" of the time; "It's a pity she isn't English!" This characteristic praise reveals the girl's nature better than the most romantic description. She appeared first in "a common red frock, carefully patched," and it was only to avoid insult that she took to men's clothes (which dress, together with sorcery, blasphemy, heresy, and the other crimes enumerated, was among the most fatal charges brought against her). At her trial she said she had never killed anyone, and even to the English she always offered peace. But apparently she could swing an axe with extraordinary vigor, and she had a peculiar way of swearing "En nom Dieu," though her favorite and quieter oath was "Par mon martin!" The sight of French blood, she said, filled her with horror, and she was so sensitive to pain that she cried under it. Yet in battle she took her chance with the rest, and rode bareheaded.

Pity for France—"pity for the misery of the French Kingdom"—she gave as the one motive for her deed. For a hundred years France had been dev-

*The Nation.*

astated by foreign war. The enemy claimed the whole, and held about a quarter in possession. Continuous civil strife—faction against faction, Armagnac against Burgundian—divided the kingdom against itself. Plague ravaged the inhabitants; armies devoured the land; the cruelty of warfare could hardly be surpassed even by our own more advanced and scientific age. Then the girl came, and in a few months she had revived her country's hope, staggered the invader, and crowned the King as a symbol of national unity. "Before she came," said Dunois, the Bastard of Orleans, "eight hundred or a thousand of my men could not hold their own against two hundred English; after her arrival, four or five hundred of mine could have pretty nearly defied the whole of England's power."

She was wounded, was betrayed, and captured. The King whom she had crowned, lived on among his complacent mistresses, taking no notice of her fate. She was only nineteen when they burnt her alive. But now, at last, she has come into her own, and no more fitting symbol could be discovered for modern France. For no miracle authenticated by the theology of all the Churches could supply a worshipper with truer faith in the reality of spiritual power than does her simple history.

---

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

---

Edwin Davies Schoonmaker, in his "The World Storm and Beyond," (The Century Co.) is less concerned with the first part of his subject than with the tremendous social and economic revolutions which he believes will follow the great European war. He writes with force, almost with passion,

of the mighty changes which he foresees, the extension of Socialism, the collapse of the church, the elevation of woman, the overthrow of existing institutions, the downfall of empires, the federation of the nations. His book will be read with varying emotions, according to the mood in which



the reader approaches it; but, whether regarded as a dream or as a warning, there can be no disputing its cogency or the seriousness of the problems with which it deals.

Charles Morris's "Famous Days and Deeds in Holland and Belgium" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) deals with the present war only in the closing chapter, in which is given a rapid sketch of the German invasion of Belgium, and the courage with which the Belgians sprang to arms, at hardly more than a day's warning, to defend their country. For the most part, the book has to do with the past of Belgium and Holland, and the narrative therefore furnishes a setting for the story of the Belgium of to-day. There are few countries whose history is more full of heroic deeds, and unquestioning sacrifices for principle and liberty; and Mr. Morris has wisely chosen not to attempt a consecutive history, but to tell the tales of these struggles in order, from the tyranny of Charles V, the horrors of the Inquisition, the bloodthirsty deeds of the Duke of Alva, and the gallant and successful resistance of William the Silent down to the nineteenth century. These stories are told with graphic power. They are as thrilling as any tales of romance, and a great deal more worth while because they portray real men, real struggles and real victories for freedom and right. Sixteen full-page illustrations add to the interest of the text.

Nominally, Hugh Paret, the hero of Mr. Winston Churchill's "A Far Country" is a corporation lawyer, but unprofessionally he dabbles in theology after the American manner, seeking first to find, and later to make a creed convenient for him, and at the same time to spread a good table in the presence of his enemies. As far as

the table is concerned, he is successful, and clothes, feeds, and houses himself and his family sumptuously, but the creed is a more difficult matter, and sometimes, from pure indolence, he is almost persuaded to be a Christian. He has no conceit and no delusions, either about himself or these United States in which he lives, and his ability to perceive the ills besetting his contemporaries is offset by genuine esteem for their abilities. Mr. Churchill's national pride does not close his eyes to the queer laxity of American morals painfully apparent in the circles of those too delicately sensitive not to be shocked by the spectacle of the ten commandments engraved upon a church wall before a whole congregation; and so his hero beginning with deception grazes the borders of political and financial dishonesty, and daringly trifles with the seventh commandment. Mr. Churchill treats the situations which he creates both skilfully and bravely, and without cant, and without preaching, and without sacrificing probability or art shows how inevitable is retribution. He keeps his more frivolous readers by giving them such details of the lives of the rich as are spread before them by the "society" reporters, but he subordinates them to the real business of living, and it is to true repentance that he brings his hero. As for his two heroines, he contrives to save both of them. There is little trace of the Richard Carvel romance in "A Far Country," but there is convincing proof of growth in literary skill. The curious may discover some personal traits and some incidents borrowed from contemporary life at certain points in the story but nothing to offend good taste. Eight excellent pictures by Mr. Herman Pfelfer supplement the text. The Macmillan Company.